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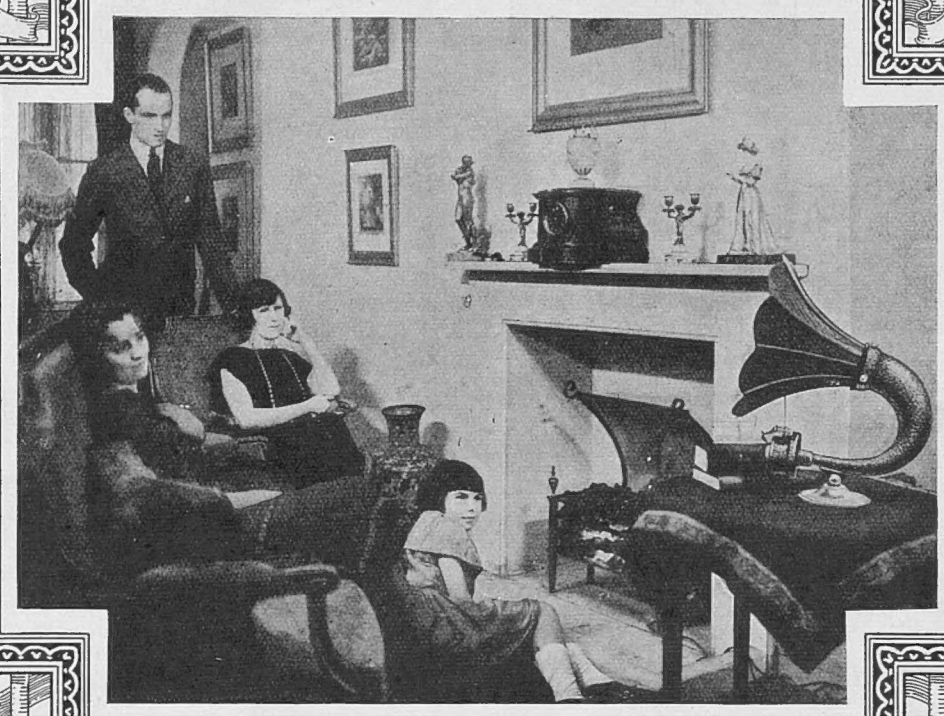

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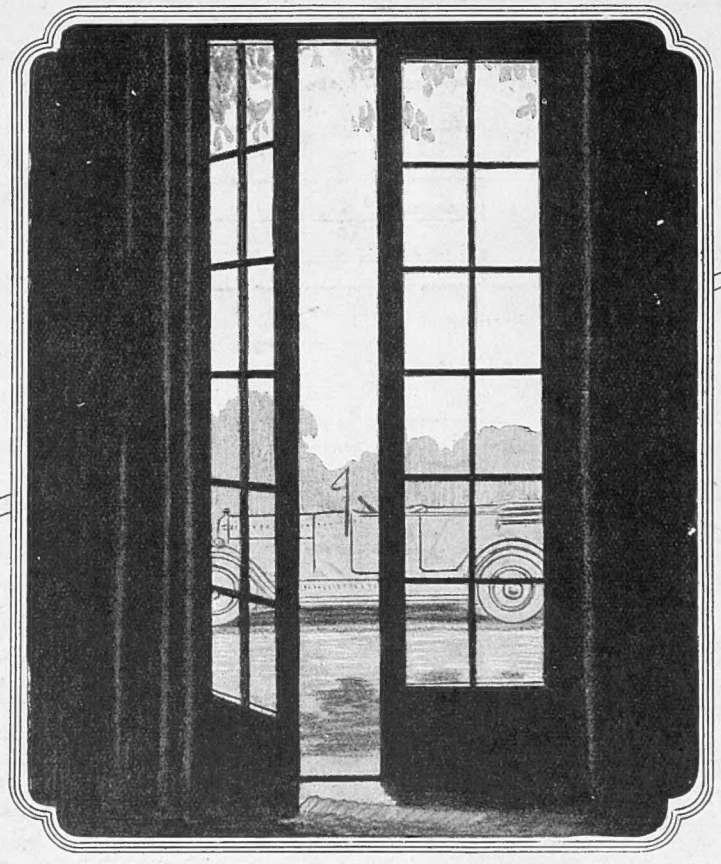

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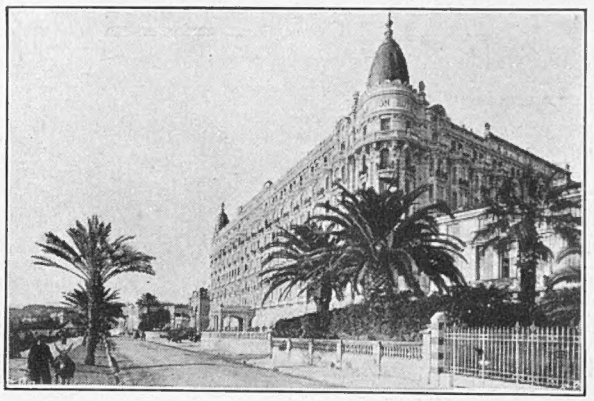

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BYSTANDER COMMENTS

"ALL THE WORLD'S A STAGE"

Riviera Retrospect

To write of the Riviera in February is rather like praising the Summer in September, when its glory is at its height but its departure is near. The Côte d'Azur season works up to a climax of Carnivals and Competitions in its later stages, but as the homing swallows begin to gather along the telegraph wires some time before their exodus begins, so those other birds of passage on the Promenade des Anglais and the Croisette are already beginning to think of home.

Premature Death

Why does the Riviera season die such a premature death in March? Hotel keepers and other interested parties are entirely at a loss to account for this, to them, inexplicable fact. As they point out, April is the most satisfactory month in the South, and yet the visitors scramble for seats in the Blue Train as though they feared an epidemic: the reason being, of course, that April can be as beautiful in England as in any other place.

Author Wanted

There was a poet who wrote:

> Shall we not weary in those windless days
> Hereafter, for the murmur of the Spring . . .

I forget how it goes on, and I should very much like to know, so perhaps some reader will oblige with the name of the author. The complete poem would, I feel, be so very applicable to the beautiful Riviera as it nears its season's end.

> The murmur of the Spring
> And dear flowers blossoming . . . .

Somehow like that, it went, and I suspect that the primroses and the violets of English lanes have more to do with the early break-up of the Riviera season than many of us suspect.

A Time-Worn Text

And yet I, for one, would gladly spend this coming April in one or other of those coast-wise towns between Mentone and St. Raphael. Our English spring, like a wayward woman, can be as treacherous as it is beautiful. Not for nothing have we chosen the rose as our national emblem. The Riviera in April and England in June is a very sound proposition for those who do not place waywardness at the head of the list of womanly and climatic virtues. And so, if some Syndicat d'Initiatif is looking for someone to champion an extended Riviera season, my pen is always at their disposal, my time-worn text being:

> Ah, to be in Beaulieu
> Now that April's here!

A Brilliant Comedy

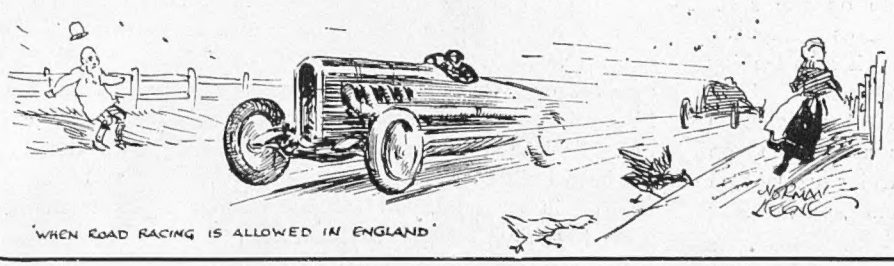
The phenomenal success of the new Lonsdale play, *Spring Cleaning*, has been welcomed by a variety of people for a variety of reasons. *Imprimis*, a good play is always welcome, but doubly so when the author enjoys great personal popularity founded on a charming personality and much honest work in the cause of his particular art. Since the production of this very brilliant comedy, we have heard less of certain less worthy successes, a new standard having been set in a type of play that wants very careful handling if it is to be wholly satisfactory.

The Pleasure is Mutual

But, most of all, the success of *Spring Cleaning* was welcomed by those lovers of the theatre whose sympathies were with Basil Dean in the rather sordid squabble at Drury Lane. The future of British drama rests with those managers who have the knowledge and the courage to present British plays, rather than with the importers of foreign

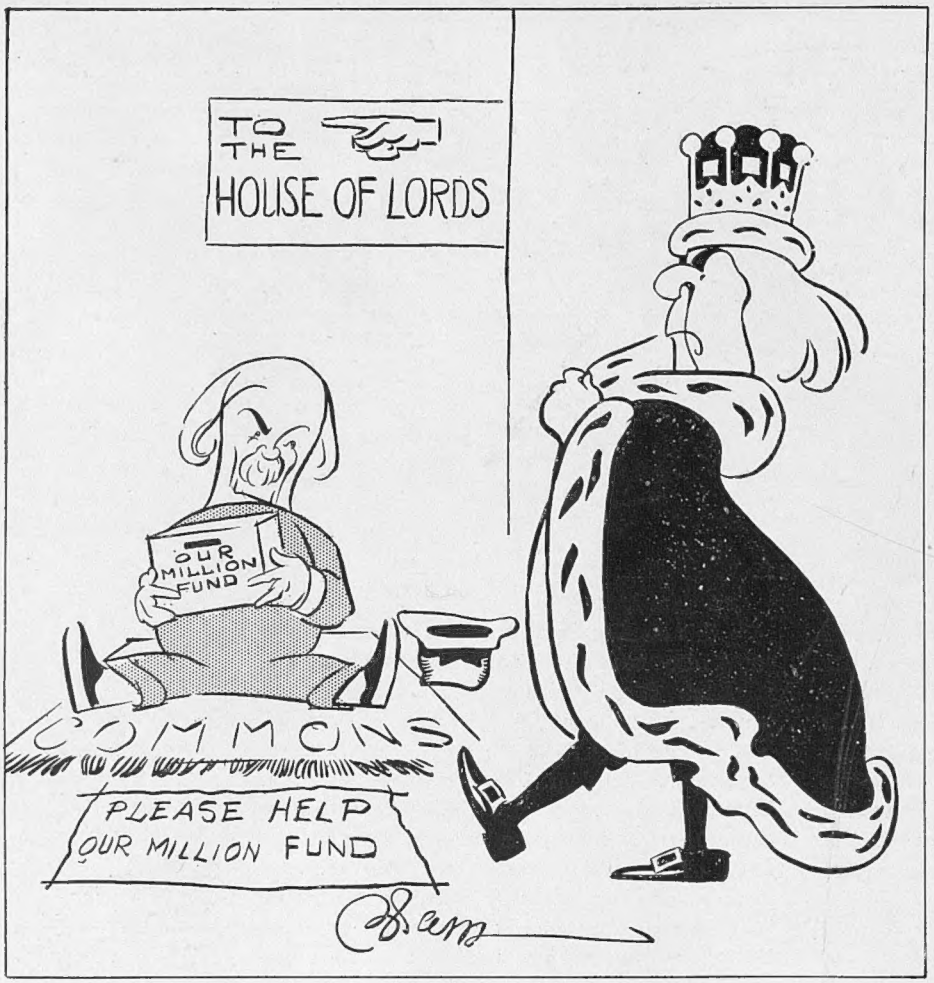
"A CLIMAX OF CARNIVALS"

"THOSE OTHER BIRDS OF PASSAGE"



"WHEN ROAD RACING IS ALLOWED IN ENGLAND"

"A GOOD PLAY IS ALWAYS WELCOME"



"KISMET!" By Blam

An old word with a new meaning in the New "Oxford" (and Asquith) Dictionary

successes, and Basil Dean enjoys a reputation which the production of *Spring Cleaning* has done much to enhance. He should never have gone to Drury Lane, and he is as well rid of it as its directors probably imagine they are well rid of him.

Commercial Possibilities

To-morrow (Thursday) we have the great Royal variety performance at the Alhambra, and the programme proves that our home-grown Variety is not dead yet. I hope Harry Tate won't have a similar shock to the one he experienced when he was due to entertain at Marlborough House and his baggage man motored his "props" to the Marble Arch! Harry is a great comedian both on and off the stage, and he claims that the transmitting apparatus in his new "Broadcasting" sketch is so extremely sensitive that he once broadcast a bottle of whisky with satisfactory results. This apparatus, by the way, consists of an old umbrella, a typewriter, a bucket, a frying-pan, a tea-pot, a lathe, a sweep's brush, a gas meter, and a tinker's barrow. I hope he will take the precaution of patenting the set in view of its commercial possibilities.

Blaming the Public

Talking of broadcasting, I see no reason why our telephone service should not develop on the same sensational lines. There are now few houses without a listening-in set, and there should be as few homes lacking a telephone. It is largely a matter of charges, and I look for the day when a telephone will be considered as essential as a chimney, and that telephone wires will be laid on to new houses by the builders just as drains are laid on now. We lag very far behind in this matter, for, among the countries of the world, Great Britain stands fourteenth in the number of telephones per 100 population. The authorities blame the indifference of the public, but that is about as sensible as blaming that same public for not buying a certain brand of whisky or a certain make of underwear. It is always up to the manufacturer to create and stimulate the demand for his goods, and the telephone people are on all fours with the private trader in this respect.

A Practical Proposition

A campaign to popularise the telephone has been launched by the Telephone Development Association, and it has my blessing for what it is worth. But the result will not be gained by the issue of nice little brochures, such as the one now lying on my desk. It is all a question of making the proposition a practical one from the point of view of the ordinary subscriber. Roughly, the man who can afford a telephone has one already. Halve the cost of the calls and you will double the number of the callers. After that, the thing becomes a snowball, and there is no stopping it. The immediate step for the T.D.A. to take is to get considerable concessions from the Post Office—it is not my affair to tell them how this should be done—and then advertise—advertise—advertise!

I Get a Shock

Like other patriots, I have been very bothered about the condition of St. Paul's, and you can imagine my consternation when I came upon an article headed, "Verdict of St. Paul's Experts," and read—

There is no foundation——

For a moment I could read no more. Visions of Ludgate Hill without its pigeons—thoughts of New Year's Eve without its Scotsmen—imaginings of carpet advertisements minus their familiar background floated before my brain.

"Courage!" I said, "let us know the worst!" And I read on:

There is no foundation in our judgment for any suggestion that the building is unsafe——

I breathed again!

Broad Highways

Last Sunday I drove out on the wonder road to Wrotham and home again on the wonder road from Rochester. To say that these two great highways thrilled me to the core is putting it mildly. Here is a splendid, happy-go-lucky surmounting of obstacles that leaves you breathless. The only trouble is that no car known to Brooklands can travel fast enough to do them justice. They sweep on into a staggering infinity of space. Compared to these roads the greatly vaunted Corniche becomes a bridle track, and the greatest exploits of Rome are but rabbit runs across the hills. I could have screamed at the impotence of a car that failed to rise to such an occasion—and no car that has yet been built could have done better. When road racing is allowed in England, you will see strange sights upon the broad highway that leads to Rochester!

A "Vicar of Bray" Who Sticks to His Book

BY E. T. REED

AN OLD BALLAD UP-TO-DATE

MODEST DAVID (with gusto) :—

"The seco-ond place I found would suit
Full well my constitu-tion ;
And so be-came his trusty 'Lieut'—
The happ-i-est solu-tion.

And this is law, that I'll maintain,
P'raps till my dying day, sirs,
That whatso-o-ever seats we ga-in
HE'll be the Vicar of Bray, sirs"

Drawing Room, Cardiff Castle.

The Fortress on the Taff.

ROMAN ramparts, a moated Saxon mound on which stands a stern Norman keep, these epitomise the earlier history of Cardiff Castle, the stronghold which for many hundred years guarded the passage of the Taff and the Southern approach to the Welsh marches and mountains.

A stout fortress Cardiff Castle must have been in Norman days, for here in the Tower of Justin Henry I chose to immure his brother, Robert of Normandy. A prized possession, too, was the lordship of this Castle. Among its custodians figure the highest families of mediæval days—Despensers, Beauchamps, Nevilles and Tudors—most of whom left evidence of their tenancy in architectural additions of varied Gothic types.

In keeping with many another feudal fortress, Cardiff Castle suffered severely in the Parliamentary Wars when it fell to Cromwell. The story goes that a deserter from the garrison guided the Roundheads to the interior through a subterranean passage, only to be executed by Cromwell as a reward for his treachery and as a lesson to the soldiery.

Cardiff Castle has been faithfully restored within recent years and now stands as an interesting relic of ancient life, mingling with the ultra-modern world of Cardiff. Another example of the close association between olden and modern times is furnished by John Haig Scotch Whisky. Even under Charles I this famous whisky was celebrated for its wonderful mellowness and perfect maturity, and to these same qualities it owes its present universal popularity.

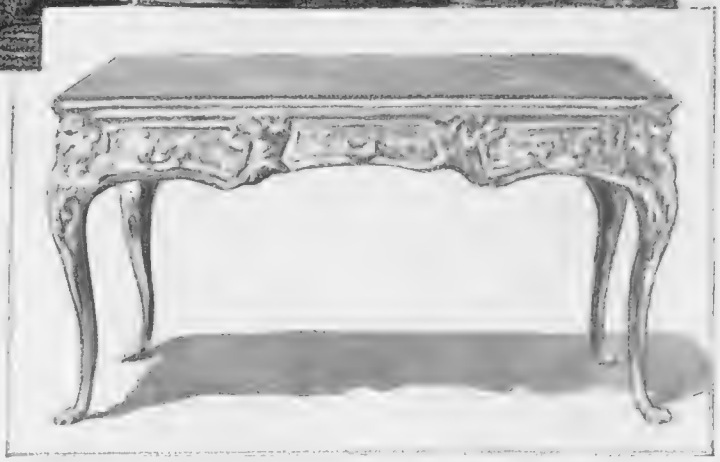


Table of French design, 18th Century.

Dye Ken

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Who, When & Where

BY THE BYSTANDER IN SOCIETY

A Royal Invalid

PRINCE GEORGE was still in bed at Buckingham Palace when the King and Queen returned from York Cottage. He has had rather a severe attack of tonsilitis, so severe that he had to have a nurse. The Prince of Wales was a constant visitor to his sick brother in the whiles between hunting from Melton Mowbray and his many engagements in London.

I wonder how many hundred miles the Prince travels by train and by motor in the year. The total must be dizzying.

Comfort

HERE is comfort for the hopelessly broke by income-tax, super-tax, and all the other taxes, not to mention tradespeople, and other ills of the pocket. If you haven't got £30, you can't file your petition in bankruptcy, because that is the sum required by the Bankruptcy Court before they will lift a finger, or take what is called "steps."

Likewise you can't be made bankrupt unless a petitioning creditor planks down the £30. This odd fact came out the other day during the examination of the Duke of Château-Thierry's affairs at the Bankruptcy Court. His assets were 6*s.* 9*d.* in money, and a £2 Panama bond.

Is Love Going out of Fashion?

IT was very amusing at the Institut Français in Cromwell Road last week to watch the faces of the women whilst M. Gaston Rageot, the French novelist and critic, lectured on "Le Flegmatisme Sentimental chez les Jeunes." M. Rageot declared that since the War women had changed in their attitude towards love, and that now they are bored by *la grande passion*; their conception of love was entirely different from that of the preceding generation. As for the young men, they were taking life seriously and woman was gaining what the lecturer called an "assertive personality" because of the new freedom that has come to her.

In support of his opinion of the changes which modern feminine development are bringing about in the home and in marriage relations—a mixture of business and love—M. Rageot quoted passages from *Lewis et Irene*, a novel by Paul Morand.

With all due deference to so distinguished a writer and critic—he has been a Professor of Philosophy and is President of the Association de la Critique Littéraire—however truly M. Rageot's opinions on the sentimental phlegmatism amongst the youth of to-day may apply to the French it does not apply to the English, especially to the English girl.

We know that the War has made a profound difference in the position and outlook of women, disturbingly different to some of the older generation. But the effect has been much more marked upon the French woman than upon the English. Years before the War, English girls—I speak particularly of girls in Society—had an independence unknown to their sisters in France. The further independence brought by the War was for them, therefore, just one more step in advance. For the French girl it was the opening of a door into an entirely new existence with a mental and social freedom which her elders regard as social revolution.

English and French Girls

LOVE and marriage have always played a bigger part in the training of a French girl than in that of the English girl. She has been surrounded by iron conventions unknown here since mid-Victorian times. Consequently her newly-won liberty has gone like champagne to the French girl's head. But again with all due deference to M. Rageot I think his statement that the women of to-day "prefer simple attraction to love," only applies to a few individuals, not to modern women as a whole.

In England the modern girl is certainly much more sensible about her love affairs than her mother. But because she makes no secret of her

WITH THE DOGGY FOLK

The Prince of Wales at the Royal Horticultural Hall, Westminster, when the Alsatian League of Great Britain held their first Annual Show. With him are Mr. F. N. Pickett (Chairman of the League Council), and Mrs. H. Howard, a well-known exhibitor. The Prince has fallen a victim to the prevailing fashion and has purchased an Alsatian

"WHO SAID HUN?"

Mrs. Fenn with two of her Alsatians, including "Mr. (formerly Herr) Nero of Tregrehan." Evidence of the enormous popularity of the Alsatian wolfhound in England to-day is to be found in the fact that more than six thousand have been registered this year, compared with only fifteen at the time of the Armistice

OFF PARADE *G. P. U.*

Mrs. Compton and "Wolf of Esperance" (owned by Captain L. Ames) keep a camera appointment at the Alsatian show, after the judges have passed disdainfully by

Central News

AT GOODWOOD—FOR HUNTING

Lord and Lady Esmé Gordon-Lennox at Goodwood House, for a meet of the Cowdray, the first at Goodwood House for many years. Lord Esmé Gordon-Lennox is the Duke of Richmond's younger son

happiness when she is engaged, and discusses the future with a knowledge and prescience that would have paralysed her grandmother's world into speechlessness, all this doesn't mean that she is suffering from sentimental phlegmatism. English girls apply more commonsense to love than their mothers and grandmothers did. Perhaps the same thing is happening in France.

However, it was a most interesting lecture, especially interesting to English people because it gave them an insight into a new phase of French social life as seen by a close observer.

Changing Hands

No less than five estates have recently changed hands in Aberdeenshire. Lord

L. N. A.

THE COWDRAY HOST AND HOSTESS

The Duke of Richmond and his daughter, Lady Violet Brassey, watching the Cowdray moving off to Valdoe for the draw. The Duke of Richmond entertained a large number of the followers of the Midhurst pack to mark the coming-of-age celebrations of Lord Settrington, his grandson and second heir

Burgh has acquired an old family property in Culquoich which once belonged to the Leiths. He has two other estates in Aberdeenshire, Glenkindie and Freefield. Although the barony of Burgh was created four centuries ago, the present peer is only the fifth holder of the title. The barony, together with that of Strabolgi, was in abeyance for over three hundred years. Eight years ago both baronies were called out of abeyance, Strabolgi in favour of Mr. Kenworthy, and Burgh in favour of Mr. Leith, descendants of the last Lord Burgh and Strabolgi, who died in 1600.

Then Sir Thomas Royden, the Chairman of the Cunard Company, has bought Tilpronie and Deskrie, two adjourning estates, the first with a good house, and the other with excellent shooting. Hitherto, Sir Thomas has lived in Lancashire, where he has a big house near Birkenhead. The next estate to Deskrie, Blelack, has also been sold.

Concerning Kidneys

Speaking of Scotland reminds me of a story I heard recently of a sad adventure to a young wife this last autumn at a remote shooting lodge in the Highlands.

MORE COTTESMORE *L. N. A.*

Lady Camden and Mr. Nigel Gunnis at the Wymondham meet of the Cottesmore

The meat had to come from a considerable distance, a written order being sent twice a week. The young wife did her own housekeeping. One day she ordered kidneys—6 lbs. of them. Looking down the order before posting it she thought 6 lbs. of kidneys rather much, so put a "3" in front of the "6." But she forgot to strike out the "6"!

Thirty-six pounds of kidneys arrived at that remote lodge. It was Saturday. Nothing could be done, except to eat them. You are not popular in that family now if you mention the word "kidneys."

Crosby Hall

The Prince of Wales is taking a keen interest in the scheme for making Crosby Hall—which you remember used to stand in the City and was taken down

FOX-TROTTERS—IN THE MORNING *L. N. A.*

A group at the Cottesmore meet at Wymondham after the hunt ball at Oakham. Our photograph shows: Miss Keith Fraser, the Hon. Millicent Marjoribanks, Lady Catherine Willoughby and Mr. Clifford Clarke

piecemeal and re-erected in Chelsea—a hall of residence for women graduates of the British Empire and of foreign Universities. He is showing that interest by attending the dinner next Tuesday at the Savoy in aid of the endowment fund. The dinner will represent the international scope of the plan by which the British Federation of University Women hope to make Crosby Hall a centre in London for all University women. Each table will have a hostess who will represent a Dominion or a foreign country.

The plan is to buy Crosby Hall and build a hostel and club in connection with it. £50,000 is required, and towards this amount £18,000 has already been promised. The dinner tickets are two guineas each, and may be obtained from Miss M. M. Arnold, Crosby Hall Endowment Fund, 92, Victoria Street, S.W. 1.

British Illus.

AT NOTTINGHAM

Miss Surtees, Miss B. Mossop and Mr. Player at the Colwick Park meeting

Alfieri

THE GLEE SINGERS

Lady Rowena Paterson, Lady Noreen Bass, Lady Ileene Campbell and her brother, Lord Huntingdon, apparently singing a joyous little song of victory at the Nottingham Steeplechases last week

Mr. and Mrs. Kellogg

THE departing American Ambassador's and Mrs. Kellogg's last days in London have been a round of farewell entertainments, a sign of their great popularity. They lunched with the Prince of Wales last Wednesday, and the same evening dined with the Belgian Ambassador and Baroness Moncheur to meet the Prime Minister and Mrs. Baldwin. Yesterday they lunched with the Japanese Ambassador, and next Monday Lord and Lady Astor are giving a big dinner-party, followed by a dance in their honour. By the way, I hear that the new American Ambassador has taken on Crewe House. This is pleasing news, as there could not be a better setting for ambassadorial entertainments.

Topical

PADDOCK-WARDS

The Hon. Lois Sturt (left), Mrs. Stanley, and Lord Pembroke at the Nottingham Chases at Colwick Park

Sport and General.

COURSING AT MENTMORE

Lady Mary FitzMaurice, Miss Joan Robinson and Lord Dalmeny (one of the Stewards) watching events at the Southern Counties' Coursing Club Meeting at Mentmore last week

Sport and General

THE EARL OF ORKNEY

At the Southern Counties' Coursing Club Meeting, on the estate of his friend, Lord Dalmeny

Ingenious—if True

I WON'T vouch for the truth of the story. I can only say my informant had it from a source which she believes to be reliable.

There is a certain bachelor who has established a reputation as a giver of tea-parties. Recently, at one of these parties, there was a plate of long, thin chocolate biscuits—the kind the French call *croûtes* and we call "fingers." When bitten, however, these "fingers" proved to be hollow and filled with some liqueur, rather thick and sticky. The result can be imagined. One woman's dress was completely ruined. Not knowing the biscuit was hollow, she bit off the end, and lo! the liqueur ran out—all down the front of the gown, which was of some pale fabric.

Nothing would remove the stains, and the host was, apparently, in despair. The next day the lady received a letter from him expressing his regret for the accident all over again, and begging her to allow him to replace the ruined dress with a new one. Being a wise woman she agreed, whereupon he asked her to go to such and such a dressmaker, as an old friend of his was interested in the business. She went and got a new gown.

But, later on, it transpired that this was not the first time such an accident had happened at that bachelor's tea-parties. Also and likewise that the dress-making business actually belonged to the bachelor. The damaging liqueur in the innocent-looking chocolate "fingers" was a subtle way of advertising his own wares. The gift of a new dress brought a woman to the shop, the hope, of course, being that she would go again on her own.

G. P. U.

THE WEDDING SCENE: TIME, THE PRESENT

Mr. Peter Haddon of "Charlot's Revue") and his bride, Rosaline, the clever daughter of Mr. Robert Courtneidge, who is appearing in "The Sport of Kings," in a little show of their own at All Souls, Langham Place

Bassano

PART OF THE PERFORMANCE

Mr. Hargrave Pawson and his bride, formerly Miss Elizabeth Tisdall, enduring that tiresome "civil" ceremony at the photographer's. Mr. Pawson is a cousin to Lord North; his bride is the elder daughter of the late Major C. A. Tisdall, of the Irish Guards

A 1-2-3 IN THE MATRIMONIAL STAKES

The Royal Amateur Art Society

THIS year the exhibition of the Royal Amateur Art Society will be held in Lord and Lady Bathurst's house in Belgrave Square, and Mrs. Stanley Baldwin will open it on March 23. The private view will be, as always, on the Sunday, which is March 22.

The Loan Section is always one of the most interesting parts of the exhibition. This year it is to be of *étuis*, buckles, clasps and mirrors of any material or age, but especially those of historical interest or intrinsic beauty. If any of you possess any of these four things, carefully treasured in your glass-topped silver tables, pray write to Dame Alice Godman, 45, Pont Street, S.W.1, and offer to lend them to the exhibition. You will not only be giving interest to all the people who go to the exhibition, including the Queen, who generally goes on the day before the private view, but you will also be helping the London Nursing Charities, to which all the proceeds of the exhibition are given.

Who's Who

IT is curious how custom changes one's idea of the meaning of a phrase. If you can cast your mind far enough back, perhaps you will remember what your impression was on hearing for the first time such a phrase as "Where is the *Who's Who?*" Now, of course, your mind would at once conjure up a picture of the well-known reference book in its red cover. But if you ever thought in an abstract way about the phrase, it must have struck you how very apt, concise and comprehensive it was: Who Is Who! Nothing more is really needed. It's even grammatical! Yet a foreigner hearing it for the first time would find it very puzzling—"who's who" would take quite a lot of unravelling, and its sound, to other than English ears, must be rather like what a Bantu war-chant is to ours. Happily, perhaps, we don't often "think on't." So here on my table is the 1925 *Who's Who*, with its 30,000 biographies, neatly bound by its publishers, Messrs. A. and C. Black, issued at its usual price of two guineas, and calmly accepted as if it were the morning paper or any other familiar part of our civilised existence. I had never even noticed before how appropriately it has taken the Garter motto on its outside cover. "Honi soit qui mal y pense" is not a bad motto for a book of pocket biographies, is it?

THE BEST OF THE JOKE *Alfieri*

Mr. Guy de Pass, D.S.O. (late 4th Dragoon Guards), and his bride, formerly Miss Winifred Featherstonhaugh, after their marriage at the Savoy Chapel. Both the bride's and the bridegroom's family are well-known in South Africa, the bride (who hails from Durban) being a granddaughter of the late Sir Robert Stanford and a niece of Mr. H. Daly Stanford

A Pot-Pourri of Hunting Pictures

Central Press

READY TO START

The Old Surrey and Burstow at Balcombe Place, the residence of Lord Denman

Newman

WITH THE HERTFORDSHIRE AT LITTLE GADDESDEN

Captain Miles (right), Mr. F. Braund (Deputy Master), Mr. W. Walker (Master), Mr. E. Sedgwick, Mrs. Williams and Miss Mills, outside the Bridgewater Arms, before setting off to coverts

Alfieri

AFTER THE MELTON BALL

Prince Henry out with the Quorn at Abb-Kettleby. The Prince of Wales also hunted with this pack

Poole, Waterford

GRACE BEFORE MEET

Capt. W. P. Browne, Joint Master of the Portman, and his wife at a recent meet. Captain Browne shares the Mastership with Major Denison-Pender

The Riviera week by week

BY DOUGLAS W. THORBURN

CANNES

FEBRUARY started in a blaze of sunshine, quite equal to the best efforts of its predecessor. We are, in fact, so accustomed to brilliant days that there were actually numerous complaints at the partial eclipse of the sun the other day, visitors feeling that they were being robbed! The crowd of spectators on the following day for the first Sunday's racing at Mandelieu was a record, but last Sunday it was easily beaten, and although the enclosures and stands were recently enlarged they are already far too small for the ever-increasing attendance. Everyone was there—even several enthusiasts who had only arrived at noon by the Blue Train, and must have taken hasty luncheons to be in time for the big steeplechase of the afternoon, with a prize of 50,000 francs. All the leading Continental racing stables were represented—James Hennessey, Marc Guggenheim, Thibault Cahn, Gustave Wattine, the noted owner from Roubaix who has transferred his training quarters to Cannes for the winter on account of the fine climate, and many other prominent sportsmen.

Central News

ABSORBING SUNSHINE

Mr. T. P. O'Connor, M.P., and Mrs Stanley Mappin in "constitutional" mood at Monte Carlo

THE next open-air event is the first battle of flowers, the Fête du Mimosa, followed by a Fête Venetienne at night, with fireworks on the sea; and as the hillsides for weeks past have been a perfect blaze of golden mimosa the town will certainly present a fine spectacle that day, all the shops being decorated profusely with the flower.

AMONG the latest arrivals in Cannes are Prince Christian of Hesse, with his wife and family, who have taken the Villa Mariposa for the season. The Prince, it may be remembered, achieved fame during the War for his strong open letter to the ex-Kaiser—the Hesse family and the Hohenzollerns having never been on friendly terms for many generations—in which he protested against the methods of submarine warfare. He left his native country with the Princess, who is American and a cousin of Mrs. William Leeds, for Switzerland, and has since made his home in France.

L. N. A.

"IT AIN'T GONNA RAIN . . ."

Capt. Sherring, Lord Charles Hope, Mr. F. R. Scovell, Mr. Ward and Mr. Winterbottom watching the International Tennis Tournament at the Metropole, Cannes, which had to be postponed for three days owing to rain

E. Navello

LORD WEIR

Resting from engineering and housing problems at Monte Carlo, where there are no steel structures

LORD Riddell, Lady Woodman Burbidge, Sir Leonard Brassey, M.P. for Northants, the Earl of Rosslyn, Mr. Raymond Pollak and his charming wife, better remembered as Miss Lily St. John, Mr. Luigi Niantré—*the* Luigi of the Embassy, of course—Mr. Samuel Goldwyn, the American cinema magnate, and Sir Edward and Lady Naylor-Leyland are among the guests who have filled the Carlton Hotel. Lord and Lady Glanely have arrived from Cardiff at the Metropole, where the Duke of Westminster has recently looked in for a week in that extraordinary fashion he has of appearing and disappearing in and out of the leading Riviera hotels. Mrs. Norman

Holbrook is also at the Metropole, and will be joined this week by her V.C. husband, whose exploit in torpedoing a Turkish battleship after diving his submarine under five rows of mines in the Dardanelles remains one of the great deeds of

BLACK AND WHITE— *E. Navello*

—But no cross words. Mr. and Mrs. D'Arcy Baker enjoying a morning constitutional at Monte Carlo

the war. The Countess of Cottenham, and Lord and Lady Forteviot (formerly Sir John and Lady Dewar) are also in Cannes. Colonel Douglas Proby and Lady Margaret Proby, who is a daughter of the 4th Earl of Donoughmore, have arrived from Eaton Hall, Peterborough, at the Hotel des Anglais, where other guests include Mr. Henry Neville Gladstone and his wife, and the Comte Eugène and Comtesse de Montigny. Mrs. Pulitzer, of New York, has now gone into residence at Lord Aberconway's château at Antibes, where she will soon be joined by her son for the polo season. Her daughter, Mrs.

G. P. U.

LOOK PLEASANT, PLEASE!

Captain John Hare sketching Lady de Bathe at her Monte Carlo residence, the Villa Kairo

William Moore, of New York, has rented the Château of La Bocca, near Cannes, for many years the home of the Duc de Vallombrosa's family. Lady (Algernon) Firth has arrived from Scriven Park, Knaresborough, Admiral Loftus Tottenham (a former naval A.D.C. to the late King Edward) is at the Beau-Séjour with Mrs. Tottenham; and Sir Robert and Lady Connell, Colonel Sir Buchanan Scott (Senior Mint Master at Calcutta), the Princess de la Tour d'Auvergne, the Marquis de Triquerville, Comtesse de Frise, Lady Worthington, Baron de Schroeders of Valparaiso, and countless others are to be seen daily on the Croisette or at the sporting clubs

SPORTSMEN ALL *L. N. A.*

Lord Cholmondeley, Mopurgo, the Italian tennis champion, and Count Salm, on the Carlton Court, Cannes

A TENNIS BALLET *L. N. A.*

Mopurgo, in a "posture incroyable" at Cannes

A CORNER IN "BIRDS"

it is fortunate for the older residents that the new Country Club at Mougins is in good working order, otherwise the congestion would be uncomfortable. At the annual

in the district. The Aga Khan recently stayed at the Atlantic Hotel, Nice.

THE Golf Club at Mandelieu is crowded with members, and

L.N.A.

A "FORMAL" DISCUSSION

General and Mrs. Kennedy and friends weighing up the chances of the favourites at Cannes races

contest between Cannes and Nice, held on the course of the former, there were some excellent matches, and Cannes won by 5 points. A return match takes place at the Nice links in March.

THE annual entry of H.M. King Carnival into Nice will be celebrated on February 12 with all the customary excitement and abandon for which this city is world-famed. This year the King is to be attired in a Louis XV costume and seated in a chair of the same period, which, owing to a slight difficulty with his royal domestics, is to be drawn on this occasion by a fisherman and his wife, aided by a democratic donkey. The huge chariots specially created for the carnival are grotesque as ever, and the thousands of visitors now in Nice will find the citizens merry and mad, throwing themselves into the fun of the next few weeks in a fashion inconceivable in any other town. A Nice carnival is unique and is something which must be seen to be believed.

IN THE PADDOCK *Keystone*

Mrs. B. Meade, Captain Payne, and Major Westcott waiting for the big steeplechase at Cannes

Keystone

CAUGHT IN THE CROWD

The Hon. Mrs. McNaughton and Lady Davis at Cannes races

MANY of the big liners of the Cunard, White Star, Royal Mail, P. and O., and other companies have been calling recently at Villefranche harbour and bringing large numbers of tourists into Nice and the Riviera generally, and the gala dinners at the Negresco, Ruhl's, and elsewhere have been all the livelier for the many Americans who have turned up. At the Opera we have had some interesting evenings, the performance of *Madame Butterfly*, with Mr. Chadwick and Madame Ganna Walska (Mrs. MacCormick, wife of the American millionaire, in private life) in the leading parts, being the most popular event of the season so far in the musical world. Major-General Sir Reginald and Lady Thynne, Sir James Agg Gardner, Lady Sholto Douglas, Lady Alice Kensington, Lady Pulley, and the Count Asa, a nephew of the Emperor of Japan, are among recent arrivals here. Cecile Sorel, Miss Madeleine Keltie the American *prima donna*, Lucien Guitry, and Max Dearly—the latter in the French version of *Baby Mine*—are appearing on the stage in Nice with great success, while Gloria Swanson, recently married for the third time and now a French Marquise, is taking part in a new film production in the neighbourhood.

A RACING STUDY *Keystone*

Mr. MacKinnon, President of the Victoria Racing Club, and Mrs. MacKinnon, at Cannes, making a gallant effort to forecast the French equine temperament

A NEW Golf Hotel has been opened at St. Raphael-Valescure, with wonderful views of the Esterel Mountains and the sea. The record at the links here was beaten by Mr. W. H. L. Cabell, who went round in 72, or two better than the previous record for the course. The contest for the challenge bowl presented by the town began at the end of January in ideal weather, and the mixed foursomes competitions take place at the beginning of March. Empty villas around St. Raphael are difficult to find, while new ones keep springing up in astonishing fashion, encouraged, no doubt, by the official announcement that in future there is to be no difference between the taxation on British residents or property owners and that on the natives. The Riviera is quite the nicest and the nearest of all the British settlements overseas, and our sunshine record explains the fact perfectly well.

ACCORDING to recent information, Prince Louis II of Monaco, who has been staying at Palm Beach, has left Carolina on a shooting expedition. The Prince, while travelling in the United States, is keeping the strictest *incognito*. His return to Monaco is fixed for the end of February. D. W. T.

"Dance and Provençal Song and Sunburnt Mirth"

A PHOTOGRAPHIC EXPOSURE

Pupils of Miss Margaret Morris, the famous dancer, at her school in Provence. This is a form of exercise highly recommended for those who are afraid of putting on weight

IN REPOSE

Miss Margaret Morris finds a place in the sun by a gateway in Provence—

Fred Daniels

WHERE THE SUNBEAMS DANCE

—And another in a fair garden where costume effects must make the sun very welcome

Motley Musings

FURTHER references to Withdrewery Lane are impolitic.

. . . . . .

JUDGING from the tone of the heated correspondence, the dispute seems chiefly to have been caused through incompatibility of temperature.

. . . . . .

WE do not intend to print any more parodies entitled, "Bungla Din"; and no modern version of Balham's Ass will be inserted in these columns.

. . . .

HAIRDRESSERS are introducing a new style of coiffure. A girl can now have a bingle or a shob.

. . . .

Said a lady I know,
"Mr. C.,
With your kisses are you at all free?"
I remarked with a bow,
"They are very dear NOW."
(I think that was one up to me!)

. . . .

A CERTAIN gentleman recently received the following letter: "Dear Sir, — Our client, Mr. ———— is citing you as *one* of the co-respondents in his forthcoming divorce proceedings. Perhaps you will call on us at your earliest convenience."

To which effusion the recipient began his reply: "Dear Sir,—In answer to your circular letter——"

. . . .

"THERE is a lot of trouble brewing," says a member of a prominent Burton firm. Are they going to take out the few remaining hops?

THERE seems to be another hitch in the supply of those concrete houses. The parties to the dispute might make an effort to cement the trouble.

. . . . . .

HAS Mr. Parkin of Lancashire been reminded of the famous lines:

"For bragging time was over and fighting time was come,
When Hawke came swooping from the West . . . ."

. . . . . .

THE drawer of the dole is becoming increasingly interested in bread prices. The "loaf" has always appealed to him.

. . . . . .

"I WOULDN'T go so far as to say that he's actually unfaithful," remarked the cautious Clubman, "but he's got a nasty knack of finessing against his partner."

. . . . . .

A RESTAURANT last week advertised that it had "Central Eating." We suppose the diners at the side tables merely look on.

THREE portico burglars at Hull broke into three houses on the same evening. They seem to have performed the cat-trick.

. . . . . .

A GOOD-NATURED friend was wearily assisting an inebriated comrade to his home.

"I say, old chap," said he to the reveller, "what's the number of your house?"

"Don' be ballyfoolish," retorted the wine-bibber, "*itsh on the gate!*"

. . . . . .

DRIVEN TO IT

Once was my chin as smooth as any baby's:
My cheeks were never bristly, nay, nor rough;
It was my ordinary, everyday biz
To rase each bit of fluff.

My locks were shorn as close as those of Samson
After Delilah had applied the shears:
I would compose imposing dithyrambs on
Hair cropped behind the ears.

But now, alas, although I am still young, I
Own I have fallen from that high estate:
Like a Virginian creeper, facial fungi
Extends up to my pate!

Yet do not chide me. You should feel compassion,
Pity, not scorn, for one who's not to blame:
It is this crazy, bobbed and shingled fashion
That ought to bear the shame!

For though I look just like a bearded ram, it
Is not my fault I let my tresses curl:
For if I kept them trim and tidy,—dammit,
I'D LOOK JUST LIKE A GIRL!

. . . . . .

YOU cannot contradict a woman who tells you how much her late husband worshipped her. Dead men tell no tales.

. . . .

THE report that we may be returning to the gold standard will be good news for some of our flappers. They have long been worshippers of the golden calf.

. . . . . .

A SOLDIER at Ealing recently hoaxed local cab-shelters by ringing up and requesting them to send cabs to various destinations. We conclude he wanted to get a rise from the ranks.

HARTLEY CARRICK

By NORMAN KEENE

THAT SQUEEZ—Y FEELING

Jones, returning "broke" from Monte Carlo, gets a horrid reminder

A Revolution in Dancing

BY W. HEATH ROBINSON

Recent advices from the Riviera confirm the report of a new Gambling Dance which is rapidly becoming popular among prominent members of English Society

GROUNDS FOR DIVORCE AT ST. JAMES'S

Produced January 21, 1925

By "JINGLE" *Illustrated by MACMICHAEL*

THIS is quite an international affair. The play has been translated into English from the Hungarian. The scene is laid in Paris, and the characters have French names. The servant's name is Marte, which is on the Teutonic side, and a prominent person in the story is the Marchese Guido Longoni. And then we go and talk about the British Drama!

MAURICE Sorbier is a famous divorce lawyer in Paris. The best people take their cases to him, since if the evidence for divorce is insufficient, it is understood that he will show them how to supply the missing links. Sorbier's wife, Denise, waits patiently in her *salon* with her "dearest and cattiest" friend, in order to join a theatre party; but she cannot persuade her husband to leave an important client who is with him in his adjoining study. Sorbier is such a glutton for work that he neglects everything else for it—including his wife. A message finally comes from the study to say that monsieur will be free in another five minutes, though this limit of time in Sorbier's case may represent anything up to infinity. It is his stock protestation throughout the play, so that at last it becomes a joke by sheer repetition.

LAWRENCE GROSSMITH AS FELIX ROGET

PAMELA CARME AS MARTE

SORBIER emerges from his study for a moment just to keep his wife quiet. He tells her he has a most interesting case in hand, that of a very charming lady who wants a divorce because her husband neglects her, and he thinks it is a shame that a man should neglect his wife. The humour here is, of course, of the pot-and-kettle order, and is duly appreciated as such. Indeed, on reflection, Denise begins to think that she too has a case for divorce, for the same reason. Sorbier goes back to his study protesting that he will not be engaged for more than five minutes longer; and then he suddenly appears with the announcement that he finds he must go out at once to confirm some new and important evidence. Denise's indignation reaches boiling point at this stage, and she rushes into her husband's sanctum and throws a bottle of ink at him in order to relieve her feelings. It is a good thing that all ink-slingers do not adopt her forcible methods.

A YEAR and six weeks pass away. This very definite period is presumably fixed for reasons connected with the divorce laws of France, but on that point my ignorance may be forgiven, as I have never been divorced in any country. In the second act, the curtain rises on Sorbier's study, where a big, black splash on the wall is evidence that whatever the lady aimed at, she hit something anyway. On the programme it says, "Time: the Present"; but we observe that Sorbier's confidential clerk, Labelle, is making notes with a quill pen, which seems rather antique in these days of pocket filling pens, or whatever it is that they call them. During the interval between the acts much has happened. Denise Sorbier has made absolutely no communication to her husband; and Sorbier has decided to marry Denise's "catty" friend, Marianne Regnault.

LAWRENCE HANRAY AS LABELLE

THE wedding, indeed, is actually pending. The two are in full dress and ready to adjourn to the Mairie, which they tell me is French for Registry Office. Madame Regnault, fortified by the presence of her dear mother, is waiting in the *salon* wearing one of those superb Parisian evening frocks which leave nothing to be desired, and little to be revealed, and the wedding procession is just about to start when a lady client is announced. As usual with Sorbier, everything must stand aside for his business. The visitor proves to be no other than Madame Denise Sorbier herself. She is so pleased to hear that her former husband is to be married again, and is full of honeyed

congratulations to both bridegroom and bride. She apologises profoundly for bursting into the pretty picture at such an awkward moment; but the fact is, she wants to get a divorce from her second husband as she has an immediate prospect of being happily married to her third. And as her first husband, Sorbier, is the most eminent practitioner of his art in Paris, she has naturally come to ask for his professional help.

IT is a strange story that Denise has to tell. Indeed, "story" is a polite way of putting it. It would do credit to an angler or a golfing novice. Denise says that when she ran away, she took the train for Rome, not necessarily with the view of doing as Rome does. In the train, an Italian Count not only pestered her with his attentions but made a bet with his friends that he would marry her; and sooner than allow a total stranger to lose a bet on her account, she naturally agreed to be his wife. The Italian Count does not appear to have taken any steps to ascertain whether the lady was married or single, but after all what does anything matter as long as we are good? After the wedding, Denise kept the door of her room locked against her new husband for a whole year, and she is now suing for divorce because he wants her latchkey, and because also a famous Italian airman, the Marchese Guido Longoni, is anxious to marry her.

THE truth of the matter—and a little truth after so much romancing is distinctly welcome—is that Denise has simply been living a retired life in Rome, while her husband's confidential clerk has kept her supplied with current news. Whether she actually got her divorce or not we cannot tell, and Sorbier, in spite of his eminence in this very particular branch of the legal profession, seems no wiser than ourselves. The one thing that is clear is that Denise's return has, as the French say, given Sorbier furiously to think. His mind recoils from the prospect of a third match for his pretty young wife. Indeed, for a lady to contemplate a third marriage inside of fourteen months or so, would seem almost to qualify her to rank with the Immortals, or whatever they call these ladies in magisterial phraseology.

MEANWHILE, Madame Regnault and her dear mother are growing impatient at the delayed wedding ceremony, and when news is brought that M. Sorbier will now be obliged to go out to confirm some new and important evidence in the case, Madame Regnault dashes into the room and makes a scene. With a keen memory of what happened on a previous occasion of the kind, a friend of the family seizes the inkstand and prevents it from becoming a potential missile; but Madame manages to secure a bottle of red ink that has been overlooked, and splashes it vigorously on the wall to keep company with the black stain left by the former Mme. Sorbier. In the last act, Sorbier finds his affection for Denise still intact; and lest she should escape from him again, he picks her up in his arms and runs her into an adjoining room, and locks her in. We are led to believe that it is precisely this happy climax at which Denise has been aiming all along.

THE story is not perhaps overburdened with originality, but this version of it has a charm peculiarly its own, owing to the rare excellence of the acting. It is a sheer joy to watch Miss Madge Titheradge as Denise, with her quiet smile of easy confidence. Mr. Owen Nares as Sorbier rises to the humour of the piece admirably. Mr. Lawrence Grossmith has an agreeable part as a friend of the family who is on the side of the angels as it were. As the climax approaches he sits at the piano and plays light-heartedly, while the trouble is sorting itself out, and when he is asked suddenly what will become of Mme. Regnault now that Denise has returned, he replies musically that it ain't gonna Regnault mo'! I buried my face in my programme and cried like a child.

JANE WOOD AS MARIANNE REGNAULT

JINGLE

A Spot or Two in the Riviera Sunshine:

AND A FEW CAMERA JOTTINGS OF THOSE WHO HAVE BEEN SPOTTED THERE

PROMINENT POLO-ITES

Baron Schroeders, the Baroness Meyronnet de St. Marc (whose husband is Mandelieu's Polo President), and Major Magor

TERRACE TALK

Prince and Princess Leon Radziwill at Monte Carlo

WELL MET AT MONTE

Lady de Frece (left) and Mrs. J. Bamber step from the Café de Paris into the camera lens

Marc Le Noir and Navello

ACCESSORIES AFTER THE FACT

Mrs. Brooksbank and Baron de Bonstetten armed with vanity bags, powder puffs, polo sticks and the requisite smiles without which no polo meeting on the sunny Riviera is ever complete

A LETTER FROM LONDON TO AN EXILE ON THE CÔTE D'AZUR

Illustrated by BLAM

[So many picturesque communications are received from correspondents in the Riviera that we make no apology for reversing the process. The following letter, bearing the London post-mark, was received by a resident in Cannes recently. —EDITOR, BYSTANDER.]

MY POOR FRIEND—

How are you getting on in your enforced exile? I would have written before, but there have been so many things to do that I really haven't had a minute to spare. What with the hunt ball, shooting, Twickenham, and so on it has been almost impossible to get a moment to oneself.

Besides, it seems cruel to tell you of all the fun you are missing. Life must be very dull on the Riviera at this time of the year, and, quite honestly, I can't think how you manage to pass the time. No foxes, no pheasants, no house parties! What *do* you do with yourself?

EVERY now and again we see pictures of the awful conditions under which you are living. I spent one winter on the Côte d'Azur, but I found the sun so trying and the heat so oppressive that I don't think I shall ever repeat the experiment. Actually, there were people on the Promenade des Anglais wearing sun glasses to shield their eyes from the glare of the January noon-tide! Here, in England, it is possible to walk through the streets of Shepperton or Maidenhead without any such impedimenta.

"Only the shade of the palm to protect you from the pitiless beat"

YOU have golf and tennis, of course, but here again you must find the heat detract considerably from the pleasure of the game. Even in August, we, with our more temperate climate, can play an occasional set without running the risk of sunstroke or apoplexy. On the hottest day of last summer it was possible to wear a pullover *and* a burberry without suffering unduly from the heat. Yet you, in January, are forced to discard all such comforts, and to swelter in the blazing sun. My heart bleeds for you!

I DON'T like to make you feel dissatisfied, but only the other day we had such a jolly fog. You simply didn't know where you were going. And the accidents! Our new Daimler ran into the railings at the corner of Onslow Square and we had to stop there for two hours. How we laughed! It was really *too* thrilling.

AND, of course, the floods have been simply wonderful. Miles of water and all sorts of hair-breadth escapes. The chiropodists are doing a simply *roaring* trade operating for webbed feet. We are all becoming expert watermen, and they say the Bath Club will have to close down, because all the members are going in for open-air swimming.

WHICH reminds me of a rather good story they are telling at the Bridge Club—something about a sleep-walker in Venice. I forget how it goes, but you simply must remember to ask somebody about it. It's all about water, and swimming and that sort of thing.

"We talk of nothing but your rotten luck"

CAN you wonder that we talk of nothing but your rotten luck in having to swelter down there at Monte Carlo and Monaco? Of course, you are one of the plucky ones and will put up a brave show, but you can't persuade me that you really like it. Fancy having to climb up those awful hills to the lemon groves above Roquebrune, with the sun beating down on your

"O, to be in England now that winter has come"

back, and only the shade of the palm trees to protect you from the pitiless heat. No fogs, no floods—nothing that makes dear old England really worth while. No wonder A. S. M. Hutchinson wrote "O, to be in England now that Winter has Come!"

NATURALLY, life on the Riviera has its compensations. There is always the joy of getting away from it—that wonderful moment when the keen cool air creeps through your carriage window, and you wake to find the Blue Train in a White World. Looking from the window of the breakfast car, you see the simple French peasant standing superbly against the grey dawn of a fresh February day, and your heart goes out to this jolly northern climate with its quiet half-tones and its invigorating breezes.

THEN the Channel crossing! What fun that will be! Leaving the train at Calais, the dear, cool drops of rain, each one like a Lyons' ice-brick, will bring thoughts of home and the merry spring months that are in store. No more enervating heat; no more sun-glasses! The futile sunshade is laid aside for another nine months, and its place is taken by the good all-British gamp—your inseparable companion until you once again brave the rigours of that southern climate from which you are about to escape.

LIFE may have been dull and lacking in incident since you left England, but the happy bustle of a Channel crossing in February or March will provide compensations that cannot be ignored. How jolly to sit in a comfortable deck chair with nothing to do but watch the merry sailormen lashing tarpaulin sheets along the sides of the vessel. How you will appreciate the tender solicitude with which they fasten your chair to the deck, lest some sudden movement of the engine should disturb your happy day-dreams. What a welcome change from the lounge of the Hotel de Paris at Monte Carlo or the orange garden of the Hotel Continental at Cannes!

AND what a satisfaction to think that no one can rob you of this pleasure in store. Life may hold many surprises and disappointments, but this one thing is certain: in the Riviera visitor's Heaven of Happiness remains always one fixed star—the Channel crossing! In that is Hope! In that is the Great Compensation for all that you are suffering and must still suffer until the hour of your release.

And so I leave you to your heat,

"And so I leave you to your heat—and your Channel crossing!"

your lemon groves and—your Channel crossing!

Yours very sincerely,

REGINALD ARKELL

London, January, 1925

G. P. U.

"WE SEE PICTURES OF THE CONDITIONS UNDER WHICH YOU ARE LIVING!"

The sort of thing about which our correspondent to an Exile on the Côte d'Azur has written with such sympathy! Tea in the gardens at Monte Carlo is something to write home about. At the table on the right are Patricia, Countess of Cottenham and Mr. Phillips Oppenheim

BY HOWARD K. ELCOCK

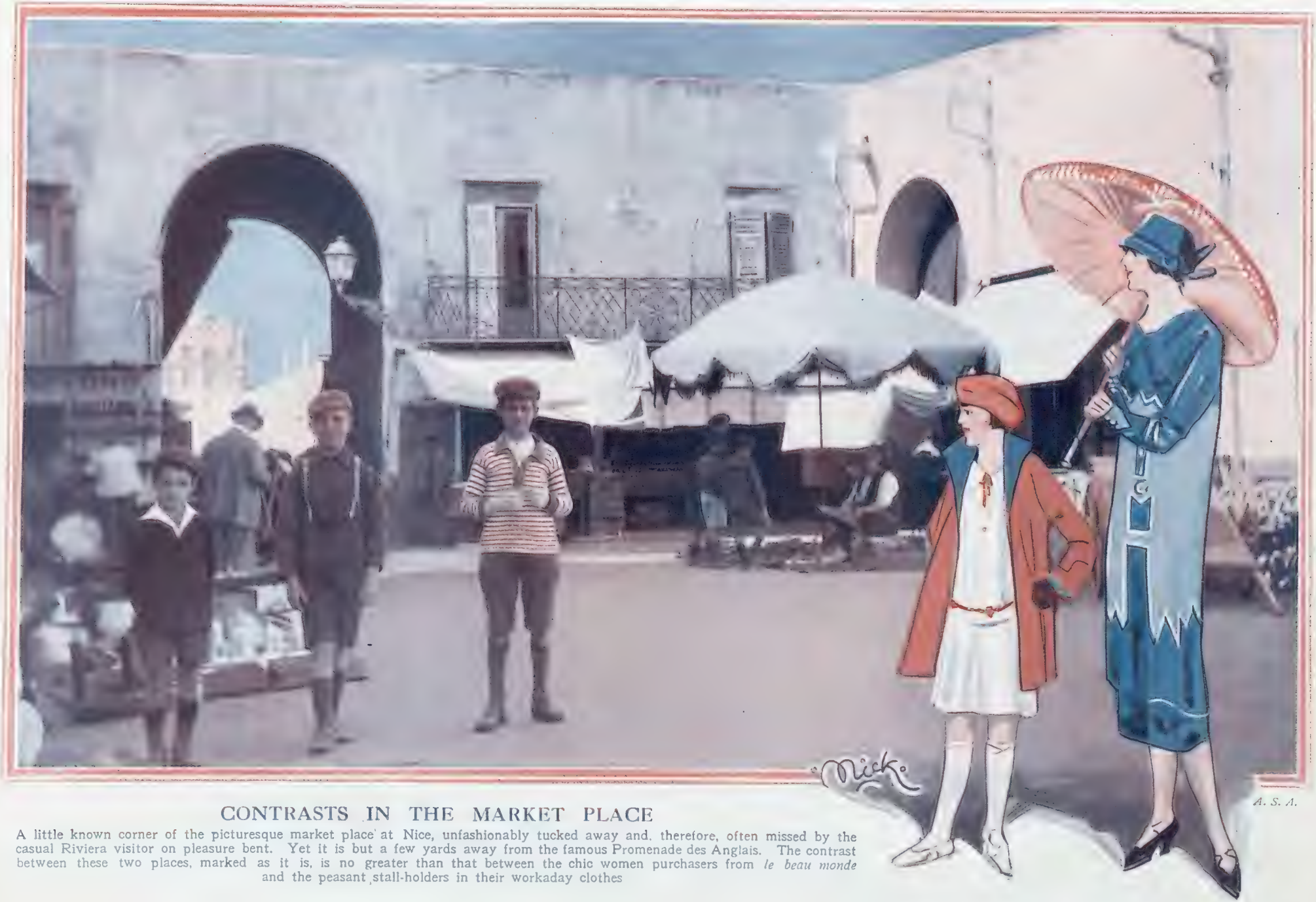
SPOTTING THE WINNER

IN GOOD KING

An impression of Carnival Time at Nice, especially drawn for THE BYSTANDER b

CARNIVAL'S REIGN

y Mr. Webster Murray. The Nice Carnival is to be held to-morrow (Thursday)



CONTRASTS IN THE MARKET PLACE

A little known corner of the picturesque market place at Nice, unfashionably tucked away and, therefore, often missed by the casual Riviera visitor on pleasure bent. Yet it is but a few yards away from the famous Promenade des Anglais. The contrast between these two places, marked as it is, is no greater than that between the chic women purchasers from *le beau monde* and the peasant stall-holders in their workaday clothes

PARISIANA

By "René"

Illustrated by MARCEL PONCIN

"Honeymoon couples—*par exemple*"

MES AMIS—

IF you should feel a little dubious, while voyaging in the Blue Train on the night stretch between Lyons and Avignon, about the mysterious activities of a feline-footed stranger with marked tendencies to peer into your compartment with persistent frequency, do not leap to the conclusion that the prey he is obviously seeking is constituted by your wallet, your family-heirloom gold watch or your *collier de perles*.

HE is prowling for your protection, for he is the new "society policeman" just invented by the company to execute a paternal watch over your possessions and ensure, so far as may be possible, that you shall leave the *Train Bleu* with as much wealth as you embarked upon it.

HE ought to have been invented long ago, this custodian of the *hivernants*, for the robberies on the *trains de luxe* have long passed the stage of tolerance, both in their extent and their regularity. *Quand-même, mieux tard que jamais*, as we say after Victor Hugo, and also after a reviving plate of *soupe à l'oignon* in Montmartre at half-past four in the morning.

YET it has also to be feared, despite the reassurance that we shall obtain from the presence in the Riviera *rapides* of a jewel-studying policeman, that it may not be without its complications. There are people who would rather sacrifice a little of their superfluous wealth than be disturbed at inopportune moments in the course of such a voyage—and not only crotchety old gentlemen who have the utmost difficulty in wooing sleep in a train and who find it quite impossible to recapture the lost love once this delicate sleep has been broken.

I MEAN, there are other wooers who would be even more embarrassed by what they could only regard as an intrusion. Honeymoon couples, *par exemple*, who might be snatching almost their first kiss, the unfriendliness of the Channel having developed a slackening of interest in everything but the earthly delights of solid ground. In their interest it is to be hoped that the *inspecteurs* will not be too young, or too zealous, or they may get hurt before there is time for mutual explanations.

"*De nouvelles boutonnières qui rougissent*"

IT would be frightful if they mistook a sigh of satisfaction for the choking sob of the victim of a bandit. Thus the innovation has its perils. But it has a good idea in it. One class of people who will be overjoyed about it are the *revuistes*. To them it comes as a godsend in these tepid times. With great expectations I look forward to meeting those eccentric comedians Boucot and Dorville as the indiscreet *wagonlit-inspecteurs*, stumbling and blundering upon secrets of state railways.

THE Parisian is reputed to have a passion for decorations—among other passions. As a rule the more there are the better he is pleased. But this winter even the world's champion ribbon-chaser is indulging in sombre reflections. There has been not a mere rain but a torrential downpour of decorations. *La pluie rouge arrose chaque jour de nouvelles boutonnières qui rougissent à vue d'œil*, as a cynical friend colourfully expresses it. Promotions Ordinary, Extraordinary, Centenary and Literary. Every dead poet who could be used as an excuse has been called to the service.

"Use it to bell the cat"

YET, with all this, there is a suggestion to double the supply for a number of years. If the basis of the idea is to keep pace with the growth of the population, success should be easy. But the unpleasantness of the prospect to those who are ruminating regretfully about it, lies in the query, "What's the good of a decoration if everybody's wearing one?" A decoration ceases to be a decoration when it ceases to distinguish. (Euclid, Book I, Very Elementary.) Answer to Problem: The only way to recover distinction is to tear away the ribbon you first fought for and use it to bell the cat.

IT may be very nice to think that the number of deserving citizens—citizens deserving of ribbons—is increasing with breathless rapidity. There may be cause for a pride sufficient to make the heart of the nation swell with pride at this pennant-rewarded progress of the civic virtues. But the notability who obtained his ribbon when the proportion of ribbon wearers was one in ten thousand, begins to feel himself a nonentity when the average has been revised to one in a hundred. Wearing a ribbon will be about as humdrum as wearing a necktie. And when he wants to make an impression on the multitude, he will have to leave his "decorations" at home.

I HAVE told you of the efforts of the playwrights to shock Parisians out of their listlessness. Well, the idea seems to have become very firmly fixed. *Entre nous*, the temptation was scarcely likely to be resisted when it was found that Maurice Donnay's *La Reprise* was gathering in record takings at the Comédie Française. But Donnay's deft touch is not numbered among the possessions of many others who are able to write plays of a sort, and the result is rather disastrous.

"Thoroughly infected with jazz fever"

THERE is an author with the quaintly French name of Dublin, who has sustained a rather nasty bump, in his desire to scandalise the apathetic Parisian playgoers. But instead of a *succés de scandale* he has provoked most of the Smart Set to laugh at him. It must be most unpleasant when you have ventured on a *scabreux* subject, with the expectation that the public will cry, "Oh, how very wicked," to find that this public chuckles instead and murmurs, "How very silly." I will say nothing about the plot except that it concerns a wife of excessive *temperament* who feels that she is entitled to take a lover because her husband is a *grand blessé* of the war. M. Dublin handles the idea so badly that he causes even the spectators to feel indiscreet, when they are not provoked to undesired and inappropriate mirth.

WHEN it comes to really good ideas, it seems that we must turn to our police authorities. They are constantly bursting out into brilliance. The newest scheme is very lively. In their affrays with people who have an inclination to riot—Communists, and so on—they have remarked that it is the women who cause most of the bother and the difficulties. Generally the men are slow to move against the police until pushed by some exalted women.

SO the police have decided to start a band, which will include in its repertoire not only such martial airs as the "Marseillaise" and funeral dirges like the "Internationale," but also the latest jazz masterpieces of Maurice Yvain. Whenever there is a Communist demonstration the band will be "in the wings," and as soon as the feminine *exaltées* command their men to charge, the police saxophones will blaze out with an irresistible fox-trot.

IT has been ascertained that the Communist women are as thoroughly infected with the jazz fever as any others. They prefer fox-trotting to fighting. And there will be no difficulty about cavaliers, for plain-clothes policemen with the agility of "gigolos" will be distributed among the throng in readiness. Bravo, M. Morain! RENÉ

The Vanished Glories of Monte Carlo and—

BY LAURIE TAYLER

—The Compensating Advantages of the New Régime

THOSE GOLDEN APPLES

BEING A STUDY IN GREEN & GOLD

By Reginald Arkell

But, most of all, I want to see
An orange growing on a tree.

THE unknown bard who gave this couplet to a waiting world has always had my sympathy for his pet ambition, and my admiration for the happy manner in which it was phrased.

For years, I wanted nothing so much

"That little affair between Paris and the three goddesses" AFTER RUBENS

as to see an orange growing on a tree. Let others pine for the cocoanut in its native haunts or the fruit of Brazil in its ancestral home. I would have none of these.

To me, the Garden of the Hesperides was planted somewhere in the South of Europe, and the golden apples were oranges—obviously oranges. What else, indeed?

What more desirable wedding present for Juno and Jove than the fruit which some ancient scribe spoke of as an apple of gold when it was really an orange. Apples, in their maturity, are rosy red or russet brown. At an earlier stage of their careers they are green as the grass of "the Cheese" at Monte Carlo on a bright December morning. But when did you see a golden apple? Never in this world.

AKENSIDE, in his *The Pleasures of Imagination*, did not let his imagination run to the extent of identifying the Hesperian Fields with the orchards of Devon or of Normandy. He lacked the courage or the knowledge to say straight out that those fields were orange groves, but he knew enough to sit on the fence and not tumble like Humpty Dumpty into a popular error:

Wilt thou fly
With laughing Autumn to the Atlantic Isles,
And range with him th' Hesperian Fields and see
Where'er his fingers touch the fruitful grove,
The branches shoot with gold?

No mention of apples there, you see, while, as a matter of fact, he makes particular reference to groves—and who ever heard of an apple grove? What a pity he didn't have the courage of his convictions and come over on my side without making any bones about it.

OF course, the orange may not have been so christened in Hesperian days. But even so, why couldn't they christen it in the same way that Adam christened the giraffe. Imagine, if you can, two ancient mythologists happening upon an orange for the first time:

"What shall we call it?" asks the first.

"It looks like an orange," says his companion.

"We'll call it an orange!" comes the only obvious reply.

And so, the matter might have been amicably and sensibly settled; but instead, they called it a golden apple, which accounts for all the subsequent misunderstandings. Thank heaven I am not too late to render tardy justice by giving credit where credit has so long been overdue!

AND then, there was that little affair between Paris and the three goddesses. Juno, Venus and Minerva had been having words on the subject of their respective good looks, and Paris, poor chap, was called in to decide which of them was the most beautiful. More, he had to present a golden apple (*sic*) to the winner of this, the earliest, beauty competition. The three goddesses, as you remember, tried by bribes to obtain the verdict. Juno promised him dominion and power; Minerva promised him martial glory; but Venus, knowing a trick worth the two of them put together, said she would find him the most beautiful woman in the world and, naturally, he fell for that. So, Venus got—the orange!

I HAVE seen lots of oranges in my time. I could take you to a little shop just off the Strand where there is always an unlimited supply, but the ordinary orange of commerce does not assuage the longing that is ever present in my breast. I find them very decorative in the mass, and I have occasionally eaten them in the form of marmalade, but the bitter fruit of Andalusia and

"A little shop just off the Strand"

AN "ARCH" FAVOURITE

Stage Photo Co.

Miss Toots Pounds, who makes a welcome reappearance in the new edition of the "Whirl of the World" at the Palladium, in the dress she wears for that pretty scena "The Queen's Doll's House"

Malaga is neither the orange of my dreams nor the golden apple of the Hesperides.

THE first orange that I ever saw growing on a tree was in the gardens of the Hotel Continental at Cannes. You may remember the particular tree. It stands on the right as you approach the entrance to this gloriously situated caravanserai, which looks down on the old town, and it—the tree, not the hotel—has been so ingeniously grafted that it bears three different kinds of fruit—one for Juno, one for Venus, and one for Minerva!

MY second growing orange was stolen, in defiance of all the gaming laws of France, from a grove in the foothills of the Alpes Maritimes, and I wasn't really happy about it until I got it safely on the train for Marseilles. Passing through Avignon, on the homeward trail, I was tempted to eat it, and I can assure you from bitter, very bitter, experience that the saying "Stolen fruits are sweetest" has a lot of knot-holes in its logic!

And, finally, my dear stay-at-home friends, I leave with you this comforting thought that the functions of the golden apples growing in our modern garden of the Hesperides are purely spectacular in character. And, before I close, accept this definite assurance that if I ever receive an orange in a Beauty Competition—which, quite candidly, is not at all likely—I shall take steps to ensure that it is purchased from the little shop just off the Strand.

Young, growing oranges are like young, growing chorus girls—awfully nice to look at!

YOGO HAMA ON THE CRAZE OF THE MOMENT

MOST DEAR HON. SIR—

My attentions have been drawn to a very frightful state of conditions like as mumps, nose colds, toothing and other medical plagues which flourishes to exist in our midsts like a green bay or suchly ecclesiastical tree. It attacks very voraciously infantines and ageds respectless of sex or virtue, so that we daily witness illegal persons from prisons sharing with innocents and fairs, this so awful and gregarious distemper.

"This are extremely terrible tidyings, Mr. Y. Hama, which I can scarcely hesitate to doubt. Cannot we dissemble with our wifes, families and other domestic perks to more hygienic spots as Nice, Ohio, Antofagasta, or so forths?" you whimple?

"No, Hon. Sir, you cannot become a white feather to escape to funk or other non-combatant holes, but must remain to be bitten by the pangs," I repart grimishly.

"You make me to tremble for fear, Mr. Y. Hama! I do not very greatly care for my non-worthy self because of possessing already 1 foot buried in a grave, but how of my olive twigs and other family branches which are threatened to slaughter by this holocaust?" you deplore?

Alasly, Hon. Sir, it are entirely escapeless, I bemoan. Perhapsly it are judgements summons against us for our so wicked sins and other happy days. This should be a heavy warnings to us to be good and glump like as Hon. Sir Dean Inge and other worldless theologies, instead of to go to the deuce with song and dance and suchly non-ecclesiastical junkets.

"Kindly to inform me the cognomen, if polite, of this so ravaging distemper, Mr. Y. Hama," you beseek, quaverishly?

O yes. I refer to re the crossword puzzle epidemics which are devastating our homes and suchly domestic abodes like wild and other tameless fires, I repop mirthishly.

"Gadsfish, Mr. Y. Hama, so you have been making to fool me with your truthless ravagings and devastatings! I have some good minds to bag you on the spot. If you do not hand me your public apologetics, I shall administer you 1 of my boots in quadruple quick times! Because you have great genius talents, do not run away to suppose you can exhibit me to ridicule, or I shall very speedishly turn some tables on you!" you enrage?

This are very saddish spectacular, Hon. Sir, and shows you to be a non-controlled person and very awful example. I blush at you for shame because of your so wicked temper and sportless words. I shall not bandy you any speeches, but only depict you pure and spotless truths. Then you shall feel to be a very small potatoe and turn to scarlet for your so timid winds up which you have caused to display.

"These non-fortunate victims"

Not any the less, I repeat you that this crosswords are a very awful calamity because everywhere persons are suffering its throes and pangs. I daily experience collidings and buttings with Hon. gents who seek, while panting to their trains or other transports, to achieve crosswords in their newsprints, like as if they were infantiles or suchly non-responsibles. Very soonly, I prognose, we all shall take leave of our heads and other brain organs and achieve to become only lunar or other crazy ticks that dream to suppose they are poached or suchly illicit eggs. Are it not a horrorful spectacular to observe these non-fortunate victims tearing their hairs and emitting non-theological ejacules because of their successless strains to discover the requisite crosswords? Indeedly yes, I bemuse weepishly. But thanks to goodness I have strong minds which cause me to

(Continued on page 320)

"I daily experience collidings and buttings"

BUCHANAN'S

"BLACK & WHITE"

"BLACK & WHITE" has a world-wide reputation based on quality, and quality alone.

JAMES BUCHANAN & CO., LTD., 26, Holborn, London, E.C.1.

scornfully remain infectless to this infantine sporting.

"Permit I should say, Mr. Y. Hama, that you are sufficing to make into a mountain, this so small sporting pimple," you reputt, Hon. Sir?

Ha, ha, now I shall divulge you a very awful and exclusive secret which I have succeeded to unfold. *The crossword puzzle are a Bolshik plot by Red persons in Moscow!*

"Great good heavens, Mr. Y. Hama——"

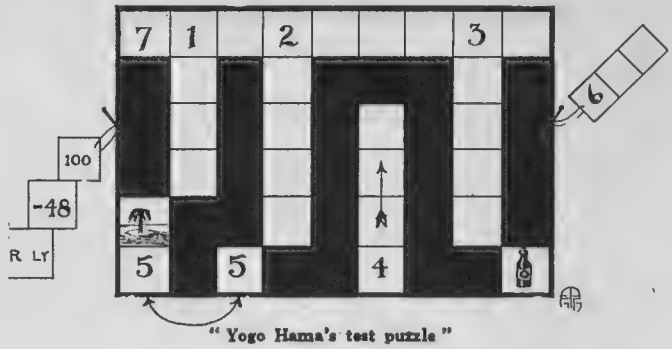
Kindly to hist! I have achieved to acquire clues and other deposits which prove to show we shall all be turned into 3-th or 5-rd internationals in our beds. When the Bolshiks have caused us to become senseless and non-sane with crosswords, they will suddenly rise to deplete us from our properties, petty cashes and other hard-work perks. This are very authentic plot.

"You make me to almost swoon into a faint with horrors, Mr. Y. Hama!" you groan, pallidly?

Come, Hon. Sir, let us constrain to forget this so awful explosive we are sitting on, and be merry and gay because to-morrow we shall go up in pieces. Besides, we have other crossword puzzles which are non-soluable and very considerably more fearful than Bolshik plots. O yes!

> Let us be merry and gay,
> And accrue some cashes while we may.

Should it not be a very lucrative patent to propogate a school for teaching ignoramus persons to make solutions of crossword puzzles at remunerative feeings? Will you therefore kindly to imprint this prospectus as vizly under, so we may share the cashes? To Hon. BYSTANDER readers, kindly permit us to draw your esteemed attentions to Yogo Hama's Crossword Correspondence Academy, established beneath the patronage of crowned and other highly placed heads. Treasurer and lecturer, the so famous and world-wide Hon. Prof. Yogo Hama, Esq., F.O.B., E.C.4, Mus. Bac. This so great *literati* will produce you crossword lessons in all their branches for 5£ on the nail. This are very uniqueish offer which shall not ever happen again at all. To advertise this so stupendous gift, Prof. Y. Hama will offer (1) a free course of teachings, and (2) a suet pudding for the 1-st and 2-th correct resolving of the test puzzle above, which shall reach him by Feb. 29-rd.



"Yogo Hama's test puzzle"

"We have other crossword puzzles"

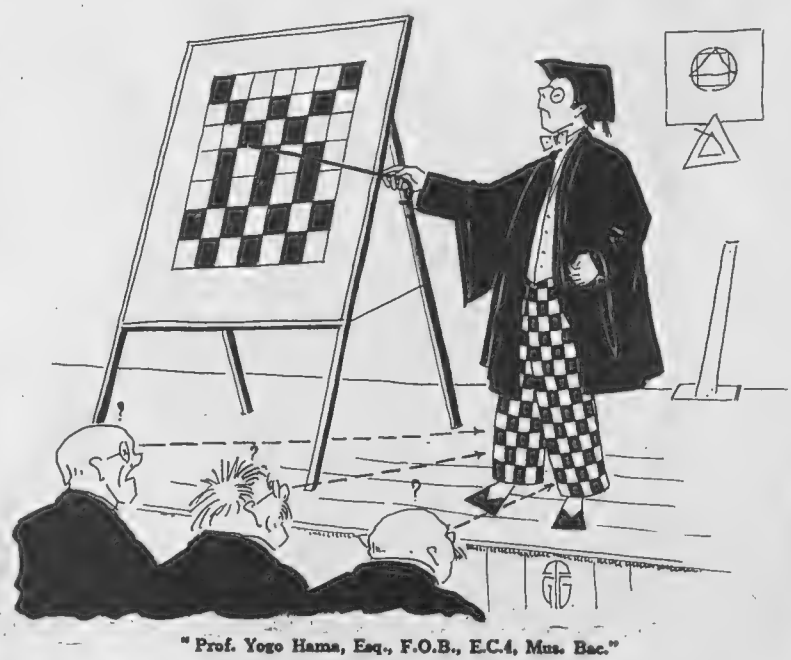
At the top-most head of this page is appended the saidly test puzzle, if Hon. Printing persons can read this so abstruse eruditings. The *clous* (Anglo-French for "on the dot") are as follows, vizly:—

1. Longitude N by S. A stupendously famous person. Bisect him by ½ and you shall find his father's gift. 2. Partly ditto the same. To achieve vocabular noises. Privilege of femns. 3. Very exclusive and exceptionless. 4. Longitude S by N. Simultaneous for strengthless, but means differently. 5. Pearl 2, drop 1. Where you go out of the rain. 6. Used by educationless persons. Truncation for upright. 7. Simultaneous for "up-to-date." Always moving, but stands still. 8, see 4. 9. The 19-rd hole. 10. The joker.

Hoping, Hon. Sir, we shall derive numerous pocket cashes from this so A.1 patent,

I remain,

Yogo Hama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It is not present because the engineers who put more than three years' work into the development of the Chrysler "Six" considered its elimination one of the most necessary and desirable features of the new car.

The extreme stability of the Chrysler "Six" is yet another of the results which are causing men of the widest experience with motor cars to become enthusiastic Chrysler owners.

If you have ever seen a chassis with the body removed, you have noted that the frame tapers from the rear towards the front.

You have also seen that the rear springs, mounted directly under the frame, follow the line of the frame sides and are set at an angle to the rear axle.

That was regarded as perfectly good engineering practice until Chrysler discarded it in favour of something better.

What Chrysler has done is to mount the rear springs at right angles to the rear axle, disregarding entirely the taper of the frame.

The springs therefore are parallel to the rear wheels. They are closer to the wheels, and form a wider base for the upper structure of the car.

Such design makes side-sway an impossibility, and, combined with special semi-balloon tyres, promotes the comfort of those in the car.

The entirely new ability of the Chrysler "Six" is also vividly illustrated by the engine. From a 21.6 (R.A.C. Rating) engine the Chrysler develops 68 h.p. and on the road has a speed capacity of more than 70 miles an hour. Yet it consumes rather less than a gallon of petrol in 20 miles. It throttles down to 2 miles an hour on top gear and accelerates from 5 miles an hour to 50, in less than 19 seconds.

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The Chrysler Six

RACING NOTIONS

By "CARBINE"

By "The Tout"

"ONE OF THE STEWARDS"

Colonel the Hon. "Sandy" Hore-Ruthven, V.C., a popular figure at most of the National Hunt fixtures

The National

SOME of the Grand National cracks were on view last week, and for the most part rendered satisfactory accounts of themselves. Silvo did surprisingly well at Gatwick. Nobody would have been taken aback had he been well beaten in his two-mile race, for Percy Whitaker has only just started seriously upon the horse's Liverpool preparation. Silvo, however, was fit enough to win this race pretty easily, and Fred Rees must have enjoyed his ride immensely. Obviously this horse has plenty of speed and he is a brilliant jumper. But there is just a doubt as to whether he quite stays the Grand National course. Last year he was stone-cold three fences from home, but with a jockey who has had an opportunity of becoming properly accustomed to the horse he may do better this time.

Fancied Horses

PEOPLE are predicting that he will start a warm favourite for the big steeplechase, but the public will also go for Fly Mask and Conjuror II, and that will serve to keep Silvo at a reasonable price. There is also bound to be a keen demand for Ballinode, who did all that could have been reasonably expected of her in her race last week. In fact, this is the National candidate on whom the Irish division will go nap. They say she has come on stones since she finished a long way behind Fly Mask and Conjuror II last year. Allowing for their native enthusiasm, we must all agree that the mare has done wonderfully well during the past twelve months.

Parth and the Lincoln

WOULDN'T it be a remarkable coincidence if the top weights in both the Lincoln and the National were to win this year? Yet at this early date it would be difficult to name two horses who possess sounder chances than Silvo and Parth respectively. I was fully prepared to see the latter among the Lincoln acceptances. When you come to analyse the weights, can you say that he will not win? Admittedly 9 st. 6 lb. is rather a staggering burden, and it has never yet been carried successfully in the Lincoln, but then, few horses of Parth's exceptional calibre have been given the chance of showing what they could do on the Carholme. I was in France last week, and did not find any great optimism there regarding the various French horses in the Lincoln. One good judge declared for Tapin, who is now in England, and another told me he thought that Golden Hope II was the right one. But if business is seriously meant with Parth I think he will beat the visitors as well as all the home division. At Lingfield at the end of the week the Manifesto Steeplechase may be won by **Predial.** We shall see some National horses in the Troytown Steeplechase on Saturday. I think SILVO and BRIGHT'S BOY have equal chances of winning.

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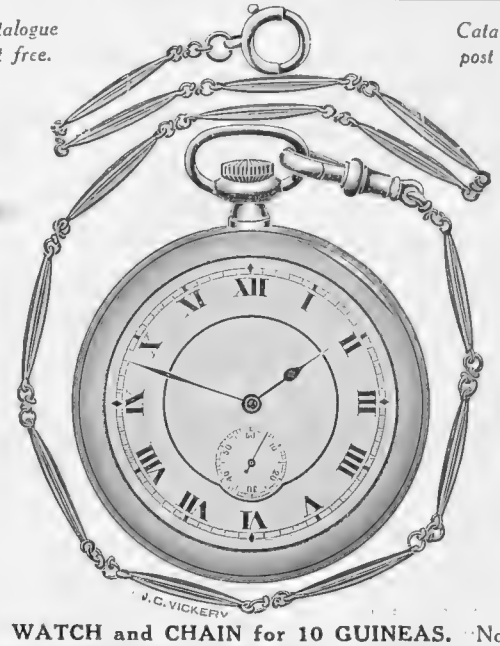

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THESE VALENTINE DAYS

By Blanchette *Illustrated by HELEN McKIE*

"You can almost see the things growing"

LONDON, *February* 9

DEAR COUSIN—

NOT sure I don't like Feb. quite as much as some months really, spite of its seeming so inhospitable and cold some ways. 'Strue, the sun doesn't rise at all offensively early (rather an advantage tho', 'cos you can at least have your proper sleep out) and thermom's not in the at all persistent habit of being at boiling-point. But there's simply t'rific compensations.

"Clothed unbecomingly"

LOVELY soft days f'rinstance now and then amid the grey, when there's a breath of spring in the breeze, and the white fleecy clouds chase each other madly across a clear wind-washed sky of deepening blue. And in the garden you can almost see the things growing—spikes of tender green pushing 'emselves quite high out of the earth, around that one clump of yellow primula that's so oddly never gone out of bloom, but kept the flag flying bravely and alone all through the winter months. . .

NO wonder, come to think of it, that this is St. Valentine's week, or anyway it's his day next Saturday as ever is. What with Nature just waking up, I mean, and even smiling at us softly and tenderly now and then her lovely crooked smile—no wonder there's this Day of Lovers so close at hand. Which no one seemingly celebrates much these days (tho' *have* heard of people specially fixing up to get married then, and they have Valentine dance nights at the Empress Rooms and the Troc and places). None of the d'lightful old cards they 'parently used to send one, with a couple of hearts skewered with an arrow, and Cupids floating around, and lots of silver paper and scent, etcet.

HEALTHY sign, I s'pose, really, to 've given up all that "mush," I mean, as they put it in the U.S., and anyway deeds not words is my motter, what? And not sure either the Youth of the Present Day (as the Bishops and people are so fond of calling 'em) aren't really every bit as quick off the mark if not quicker, than the Victorian ones with their passionately refined rhymes 'bout "loves" and "doves," and "hearts" and "smarts"—even if they don't make half such a song about it

JUST think of it, you know—only some twenty years back and a bit, and our mothers thought 'emselves quite bad bold things if seen driving about alone with a man in a hansom. And as for going off to dances *à deux* and coming home any old time complete with latchkey, seems the mothers of that day or anyway the fathers (they're the real trouble, 'cos after all the right kind of mothers do *understand*) 'd have thrown several fits in rapid succession at the mere idea of such a norrible abandoned "escapade."

'COS that's prob'ly what they would have called it, those being the days of long words and lovely old time parental *clichés* that I've just been making a c'lection of—every bit as intriguing, really, as first editions or old China. "This house is not an hotel" being one of the brightest and best and oldest in bottle. Also "some day you may be very grateful for it" when a particularly repulsive morsel of food was rejected by long-suffering offspring. "Your mother and I have slaved and pinched to, etc." was 'parently 'nother very fav'rite phrase of that period, when children were still 'xpected to be intensely grateful for having been brought into the world at all, and positively overcome with the boon of being subsequently fed and clothed, however unpleasantly and unbecomingly.

"To go to dances *à deux*"

RATHER fear some of those Victorians would have a bit of a shock sometimes, these days, if they go about at all—tho' it's wonderful what they can do in the way of putting up a protective barrage. Give them the fair creeps it would to see Mr. G. B. Shaw's plays being broadcast to the million, so to say, at the four weeks' Shaw season at the Chelsea Palace (not to mention his translation of *Jitta's Confession* at the Grand, Fulham). And shudder to think what *they'd* think of, f'rinstance, the play all London's talking about—Mr. Lonsdale's *Spring Cleaning* at the St. Martin's. Wherein

actually one of *ces dames* is brought in straight from the streets by a husband to show a wife what she's coming to and all that sort of thing.

So beautifully acted, though, that I think even our fathers or anyway our mothers might be induced to endure it at a pinch. 'Specially by Mr. Ronnie Squire, who most immorally makes the lover quite the most charming person in the play, and ever so much nicer than the husband—no, I don't think the really Victorian fathers 'd like that at all. "Decadent" remarks, too (that's yet 'nother rather popular word in my c'lection) like when Mr. Breon (smiling his usual lovely postcard smile) asks Mr. Squire "Will you ever marry?" and he answers "Not as long as other men do it for me." Naughty boy, as they say in America.

Had some little chance of learning a bit lately, by the way, we have, of the ways and words of our great neighbours and allies 'cross the ocean, who do things so marvellously and modestly—look at the way they won the War for us, f'rinstance, and 've kept their country bone-dry ever since, for fear I s'pose that any of their heroes might p'raps mention the exploit in their cups. U.S. plays to right of us, *and* left, 've been volleying and thundering so busily that if anyone doesn't know by now what a sheriff is or a district attorney or a hobo or a stiff or a cutie—well, his or her blood's on their own head. All of which is to be found in *Silence*, with Mr. Godfrey Tearle as such a charming crook that I can't think how anyone could ever have put him away for a single minute, let alone b'lieve he'd ever be guilty of murder or anything rough like that. And in *Lightnin'* 'cross the way at the Shaftesbury, with Horace Hodges as 'pletely fascinating shiftless hero, with his head screwed on tight, we learn still more about the U.S. law—divorce this time—and how 'parently anyone who likes gets up and talks in a 'Merican court, and 's taken for a lawyer if he's only got bluff enough. A truly wonderful nation, what?

"Parliament begins"

Parliament starting again this week, to-morrow to be exact, so that'll mean the first push off of the early season, with lots of people coming back to Town. And the flu wave's raging around—it sure *must* be spring.

With love, yours ever,

Blanchette

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SPORT *on the* RIVIERA

By H. S. S.

A "SIRING" QUARTETTE *C. N. Dav*

Miss Bennett (left), Miss Ryan, Mlle. Vlasto and Mrs. Beamish at Cannes. Mlle. Vlasto, last year's lady champion of France, was just beaten by Mrs. Beamish in the semi finals at the Metropole, Cannes. Mrs. Beamish lost to Miss Ryan in the finals

LAWN TENNIS

For the first time since the last Sunday in December, rain began to fall at Cannes in the early hours of Monday, January 23, and kept it up almost without intermission for two solid days. It was never very heavy, but there was enough of it to reduce the courts of the Hotel Metropole (which are not "quick-driers") to pulp, with the result that although the fine weather came back again on the Wednesday—apparently to stay—no play was possible in the Metropole tournament until the Thursday. Chief interest centred in the appearance of Mlle. Vlasto, the graceful young player who holds the Championship of France—for which Mlle. Lenglen did not compete last year—and the match of the week was that which Mlle. Vlasto lost to Mrs. Beamish (in the semi-final) after being within an ace of it. Leading by 6—5 in the deciding set and by 40 to Mrs. Beamish's 15, Mlle. Vlasto had drawn her opponent close up to the net; a simple lob was all that was needed, and Mlle. Vlasto lobbed, but the hit was just a shade too hard and the ball pitched out! The chance did not recur, and Mrs. Beamish, fighting her hardest (as she almost invariably can when a crisis occurs) just got home at 8—6. In the final she played a level match, as she nearly always does, with Miss Ryan, and as usual just failed, because Miss Ryan has an even greater capacity for winning the games which are really wanted than she has. Colonel Mayes won the men's Singles with his customary regularity, but he and Lord Cholmondeley were beaten in the men's Doubles by C. F. Aeschliman and E. T. Lamb, who, running in double harness for the first time this season, have made quite a success of it. They went on to beat Brame Hillyard and Wallis Myers—another strong pair, as strong pairs go nowadays—quite easily in the final. Mlle. Lenglen was playing in all three championship events at Nice last week; but, unfortunately, Miss Ryan, the one player on the Riviera capable of extending her, was not competing. It was announced in the papers that she found herself in need of a week's rest, and had decided to take that particular week off.

YACHTING

The Côte d'Azur is a regular yachtsman's paradise, for whereas we in England have to cram all our yachting into a space of about four months and a half, here on the sun-kissed waters of the Mediterranean yachting goes on all the year round. At Cannes for the past month there have been two and three races every week, and although only yachts of the smaller types take part in them the sport is excellent. Moreover, the boats are never out of sight, so that you can watch the progress of a race quite easily as you stroll or sit on the Croisette.

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(Continued on page 330)

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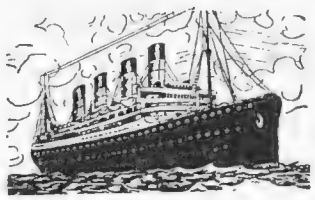

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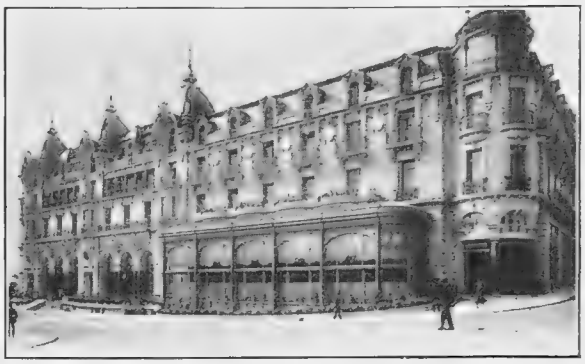

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:: HYERES ::

ships, yet they can slip along quite fast in the light airs that have prevailed of late. The crack boat of the fleet, *Tadydio*, is owned and sailed by a lady, Mme. de Saavedra; so is *Chtan-Fou II* (Mme. de Présalé). Two of the boats have recently changed ownership; Sir Duncan Orr-Lewis has acquired *Jsé-Pas*, and his friend, Mr. G. Hill, now owns *Sloughi-Bleu*. Sir Duncan has rechristened his ship *Hell*, presumably because she carries a red mainsail, and Mr. Hill, not to be outdone, calls his *Heaven*. Sir Duncan has been handling his boat very well, and has won two firsts recently, so that Mme. de Saavedra, although she won again on January 30, will have to look to her laurels. Another good helmsman is Mr. Jack Hurlbut, an American, who owns *L'Escavenne*.

THE other series of races is for the smaller International Classes—six metres and upwards. They are sailed under handicap, there being a fixed national handicap for each class. Thus an eight-metre gives so many seconds per *mille* to a six metre, and so on. This fleet has lately consisted of five 8.50-metres: *Pampéro* (Mr. A. Crestin), *Bellita* (Mr. A. de Saavedra), *Feu-Follet* (Mr. Paul Girod), *Marion* (Mr. André Auniac), and *Genêt d'Or* (Mr. A. Ternyck) —and one 6.50-metre—*Tanit* (Mr. D. Villetorte). *Pampéro*, a handsome boat with a blue hull, has done about the best so far; the little *Tanit*, with the aid of her handicap, was second to her on January 27. I am told that when the regattas round the coast take place, there will be eight yachts of 8.50 metres, nine of 8 metres, twelve of 6.50 metres, and fourteen of six metres, and that among the "eights" and the "sixes" there will be several English boats.

WARM WORK NEAR THE POSTS

An incident in the polo match between Cannes and Les Abeilles on the Mandelieu ground

GOLF

ON the last day of January, the Duke of Connaught motored over from Beaulieu to Cannes and played a round on the new putting course—or rather on one of the two new putting courses—in the Galerie Fleurie. People who know their Cannes will recall this quadrangular arcade right in the heart of the town, with its pretty lawns and flowers in the middle to set off the pretty things in the shops which encompass them, and will realise that Major MacLulich, who served with the R.A.S.C. during the war, had a distinct brain-wave when he conceived the bright idea of using the lawns for putting greens. One has not always the time at one's disposal for a round of golf proper out at Mandelieu (where the course is thronged from morn to dewy eve) or at the new Club (if you happen to have the *entrée* to its exclusive portals). But here, if you are in the Casino or its vicinity, strolling about on the Croisette, or looking at the shops, and making an odd purchase here and there, you can be "on the course" and enjoying a round of miniature golf in five minutes whenever the spirit moves you. Even the out-and-out golfer in Cannes will not despise the opportunity of improving his putting which awaits him, so to speak, at his very door. And, of course, anybody with little or no knowledge of the game can go round a putting course after a fashion and get great fun out of it. Major MacLulich looks like getting plenty of custom. H. S. S.

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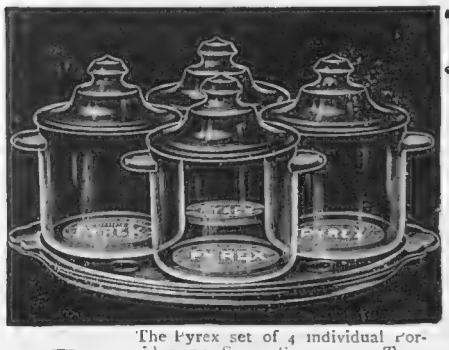

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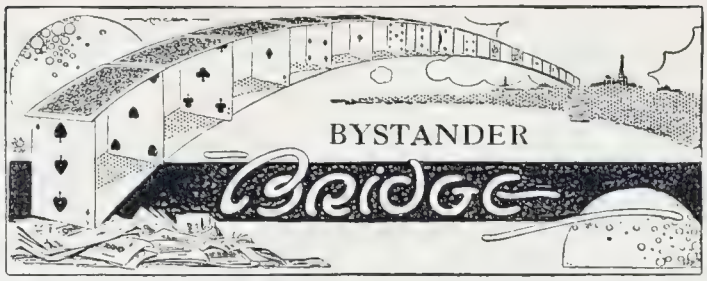

BRIDGE HERESIES

By A. E. MANNING FOSTER

CAN anyone invent a device for keeping one's hands clean at Bridge? You may have your card table scrupulously brushed and scoured, but it makes no difference. After a sitting your hands are grubby. It is distressing to see lovely ladies with long, pale, slender, tapering fingers and pink nails gradually becoming begrimed. All the good work of the manicurist undone in an hour!

. . . . . .

How expressive hands are! You can tell character from their shape more surely than from the lines on the palm To get a quick impression of the disposition of your partner and opponents, watch the way they deal and handle their cards, and pick up tricks. You see greedy, avaricious fingers which scrabble up the cards. You see mean hands and cruel, hateful hands. Also you see sound common-sense hands—the practical thumb is unmistakable in shape—generous hands, sensitive and highly-strung hands and noble hands.

All people with marked characteristics reveal something of themselves by their hands, and, never so much as when they play cards.

. . . . . .

Bridge heresies constantly crop up. A correspondent has sent me cuttings of articles by a writer who consigns many cherished and old-established ideas to the melting pot. He questions the wisdom of the lead of the fourth best card against a No-Trumper. He does not believe in the lead of the highest of your partner's suit, and on many other matters he proclaims new and unorthodox opinions.

Well, I have made it a rule not to criticise the work of my fellow Bridge scribes, but I make an exception in this case because I have been invited expressly to do so.

. . . . . .

My own faith is this. While no lead will always prove the best in all possible circumstances, the almost universally-accepted leads, tables of which are given in all Text-Books, are the most satisfactory that have yet been devised. They are the result of the accumulated experience of the best card brains. A heritage from Whist, they have been adapted to modern Auction Bridge. To attempt to upset them is in my opinion a mistake. It can only cause doubt and dismay to those who have learnt and used them for years. I admit there are occasions when an experienced player may profitably depart from conventions, but these occasions are rare and should be left to the experienced. The play of the entire hand often depends upon the very first card led and the confidence your partner has that your lead is correct. Whatever then your original card may be, let it be a true and—as far as you can make it so—a simple lead. Never lead an equivocal card—that is one which may denote either strength or weakness—if you can lead a card about which no mistake is possible.

If your object is a quiet life, you will continue to use the accepted leads and not be led astray by false doctrine.

. . . . . .

On the point of leading the highest of your partner's suit, I admit that opinions differ when you hold four or more of the suit. With less than four *always* lead the highest. Also with four unless you have supported your partner in the bidding. If you have, you can safely lead your lowest of four without fear of deceiving him. With five or more you should lead your fourth highest. It is easy to give examples where the lead of your highest—even from three—will not pan out advantageously. Your partner has called "One Spade" with A, J, 10 to five of the suit and been over-called by No-Trumps. You hold K, 7, 4. The No-Trumps maker has Q, 5, 6. If you lead the 4 and your partner puts up Ace and returns the Jack you will catch the Queen. That is true enough. But there are two objections. First, your partner will not understand your lead and will probably not put up his Ace. He may easily imagine that King, Queen are against him; this may make all the difference to the play of the hand, if the No-Trumps caller leads out a long suit on which he has to discard. Secondly, even if you achieve this desirable feat of catching the Queen, you may not be able to put your partner in again. Whereas, if you open the King and follow with the little one your partner "ducks" if necessary on second round. If you or he gets in again he can be sure of making the rest of the tricks in the suit. The sacrifice of a trick occasionally, is good policy when it makes the position clear. It is often the lesser of two evils.

. . . . . .

Another heresy that I would combat is that you should not lead your partner's suit against a No-Trumper if you hold only a singleton in it. This I consider mischievous advice, and I say it all the more emphatically because I have suffered frequently from it. The fact that you have a singleton is, of course, deplorable; but, failing some holding in your hand which you have reason to suppose is better than your partner's, you simply must lead that singleton and give your partner a chance. Here is an example. Score: Game all. Y dealt and called "One Spade." He held: S—A, K, J, 10, 9. H—J, x, x. D—A, x, x. C—x, x. B called "one No-Trumps," and all passed.

Z held: S—6. H—x, x, x, x. D—J, x, x. C—Q, J, 10, x, x.

With those good intentions which pave the road to disaster, Z opened the Queen of Clubs, and thereby lost the game and rubber. If he had opened his single Spade, Y would have cleared the suit with the loss of one trick, while he still had the Ace of Diamonds as an entry, and the game would have been saved. It is true that one example proves nothing, but the point is that Z's lead was, and must be, utterly and entirely wrong. Unless the almost impossible happened and he found his partner with Ace, King, and another Club, it could do no good. Suppose his partner had held Ace of Clubs, the leading of the suit would not have availed. It would only have deprived Y of a valuable card of entry. The King would have been held up against Z, and his Clubs rendered useless. All this is so obvious that I should apologise for mentioning it but for the fact that I see it happening constantly.

. . . . . .

A mistake occurred in the description of the hand given in THE BYSTANDER, January 28. The score should have read "Game all. Y, Z, 10 in rubber game." Z, of course, made only two by cards not four as stated, which gave him game and rubber.

I have to thank several readers for pointing out the error. It is almost worth while making a mistake to receive such charming and appreciative letters.

By CHARLES MEADOWS

"A HOPELESS DAWN"

(With apologies to a well-known picture)

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ON DRAUGHTS.

By MRS. M. VINCE

You have only to look at the old pictures with their massive looped door-curtains and their heavily curtained beds, to see how our ancestors feared draughts. In particular they feared draughts of night air. They seem to have thought night-air one of the chief causes of disease. If they had had our scientific respirators I think that they would have stored up day-air, and gone to bed with a cylinder of it at the bed-side, attached to a respirator over their faces. As it was, they simply shut themselves in as securely as bed-curtains would do it. And when they went out into the night-air, they did everything that they could, with shawls and the like, to keep from breathing the dangerous thing direct.

When you have only to read the old ghost stories to see how draughts were associated with evil. Haunted houses were always draughty. Windows rattled; doors opened and shut mysteriously; carpets—usually worn and moth-eaten—rustled and lifted on the floor as one walked over them. It was all done by draughts. Without them, there would have been no ghosts. In both senses draughts were used to make one's flesh creep.

Until towards the end of last century, the most elaborate precautions were taken against draughts. The coming of winter was the signal for getting out curtains for hanging over doors, or screens to stand in front of them. Rubber-strips were nailed round the frames both of doors and windows. The crevices of French windows were even pasted up with brown paper for the whole winter. The registers of fire-places were closed in rooms where fires were rarely lighted, and men did a trade in the streets with sand-bags like long red sausages, which the householder would buy to lay along the cracks between the upper and lower sashes of the window. Houses in fact were treated in the same thorough way as Tommy in the tale who had his clothes sewn on him for the winter.

Some countries have a better excuse than England for such elaborate defences against draughts. Last year I saw a Swedish farm-labourer's cottage being re-decorated. In that country, on account of the great cold, all the houses have double windows. But in this cottage precautions had gone still further. The inner windows had been nailed in, and when they were taken out I saw that the crevices had been carefully packed with cotton-wool. Not a breath of fresh air would come through those windows during six months of the year. This cottage, like all the Swedish houses, was heated not with open grates but with stoves, so that the whole ventilation was through the door.

It is noticeable that in those countries which have very cold winters, there is a greater fear of draughts even in the summer. It was in Sweden that I was asked the conundrum, "Why is the country so fresh?" And told, "Because nobody opens the windows." It was in Sweden also that I heard it said, "It is no good trying to get the English to shut windows. They are born with them open." I doubt if we deserve to have that said of us, and if it were true, it would be less a compliment to us than to our weather. If we really liked fresh air, we should always be boasting of the only great thing which can be said of our climate—that it is an open-window-all-the-year-round one.

But that is a boast which one never hears. It is true that those long red sandbags have long since disappeared. So, too, have door-curtains, screens and rubber-strips, but the fear of draughts is still with us. To dislike fresh air is now admittedly a little old-fashioned. It is unhygienic, and nowadays no one dares to be thought unhygienic. But you have only to go down any street, looking at the windows, to see that, however much people may like fresh air in theory, they do with as little of it as possible in practice. You hear people say, as they shut a window, that they love fresh air, but that it is not wise to have a draught. To dislike draughts is not yet unhygienic. On the whole, I think we are just as stuffy as our grandfathers. But we are not quite so frank about it. They disliked fresh air and said so. They honestly thought it dangerous. We speak of it as a friend, and still treat it as an enemy.

The homely devices for keeping it out of our houses have disappeared. But science has tried to find elaborate substitutes. Engineers in ventilating, spent much ingenuity some years ago in trying to provide houses with fresh air without draughts. The stale air was to be drawn off, and new air substituted without perceptible movement. Their ideal was a still atmosphere. The odd result of it all was simply to prove that people actually needed draughts. However scientifically certain it was that they were breathing only pure air, it made no difference. They missed the movement of the air, and flagged for want of it.

And now the commonest ventilating device of science does the very opposite. We shut our own windows because we fear a draught and not, as we are careful to say, because we dislike fresh air; and then we sit in a restaurant cheerfully breathing the same hot, stale air, while an electric-fan keeps us in a continual draught.

Dorothy Wilding

MLLE. LYS GAUTY

The clever French *diseuse* who came over under the banner of the "Chez Fysher" cabaret, and was appearing, until recently, at Oddenino's Restaurant. She is at present giving Montmartre sketches at the Trocadero and the Empress Rooms

A PUPIL OF CECCHETTI

Miss Doré Desnaux, a clever young dancer of the younger school who was trained by Cecchetti. She has appeared with success in various West End cabaret shows

MAINLY THEATRICAL

"The Bystander" Cross-Word Puzzle Competition

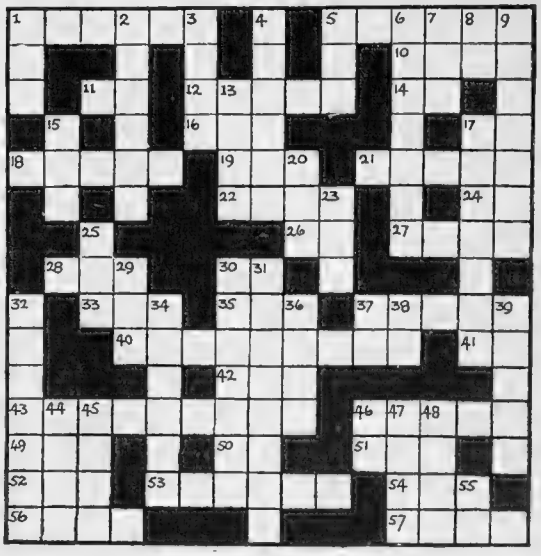
As we warned you last week, we have come out in a horrid rash of black and white spots—in other words, we have fallen a victim to the prevailing epidemic. In extenuation of our action, and in order to avoid the bricks that you may wish to heave should the cross-words prove *really* cross, we can truthfully plead that our action has been taken in deference to the written wishes of a number of our readers.

The Cross-word puzzle on this page is the first one of a series worked out on theatrical lines by our contributor "Jingle," who week by week surveys the doings of the stage from his critic's corner. One will appear every week until further notice, but each one will carry its own prizes.

The editor is offering **Five Prizes of ONE GUINEA each for the First Five Correct Solutions Opened.**

Please write your solution, as well as your name and address, in ink.

Entries should reach us by the first post on Monday morning (February 16). They should be marked on the envelope "Cross-word," and addressed to the Editor, THE BYSTANDER, GRAPHIC BUILDINGS, TALLIS STREET, E.C.4. The Editor's decision is final.



Name.....

Address.....

.....

CLUES:

ACROSS

1. An Actor.
5. What prompters do.
10. What the stage-manager calls the new play.
11. Like
12. Staged at Wembley.
14. Usually preceded by "Wha'."
16. The eternal feminine.
17. Same old "part of verb 'To be.'"
18. The waiting list.
19. An improper missile.
21. A horrid drop.
22. Delicate abuse.
24. Sound of Greek symbol used in mathematics.
26. Preposition.
27. A pretentious musical work.
28. Indispensable to Revue.
30. Medico.
33. More of "the verb 'To be.'"
35. "Her age was——" Dog Latin, curtailed (Tut! Tut!)
37. Famous conductor (Music, not 'Bus).
40. Plays in embryo.
41. Exempli gratiâ (abbrev.).
42. Such a fuss!
43. Wanted on the stage—and off!
46. What the curtain rises on.
49. Mimic.
50. Ease (very phonetic).
51. Expensive seats.
52. Where our money goes.
53. The actors' mile.
54. A trap (sometimes mixed with bitters).
56. What we are coming to.
57. Leave off!

DOWN

1. Madam.
2. A picturesque revel.
3. Actress who shuns publicity.
4. The barnstormer's Mecca.
5. Old professional.
6. Formerly of Venice.
7. Cows' cry.
8. Postscript.
9. Founder of the drama.
13. When the curtain falls.
15. Long ones preferred by the management.
17. All of a sudden.
20. Request to withdraw (American).
23. Cut off.
25. Foreign to actors.
29. "Hot air."
30. The Chief.
31. "Complimentary."
32. The public's part.
34. Piano learner's exercises.
36. Rather foxy.
37. Thus.
38. "Old Style" (abbrev.).
39. How plans often go.
44. And then "facto."
45. Thrice daily for health.
46. Initials of great tragedienne.
47. Teeth.
48. Goes out.
55. Negative.

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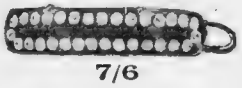

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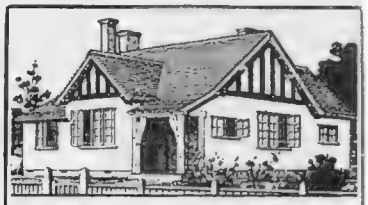

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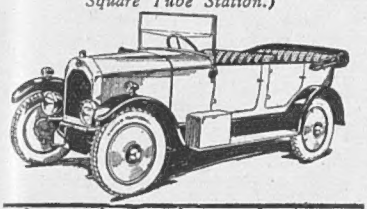

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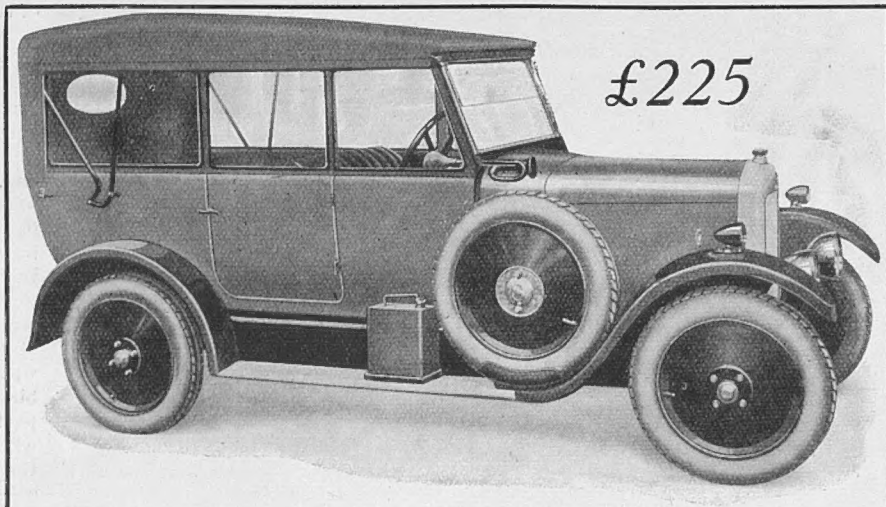

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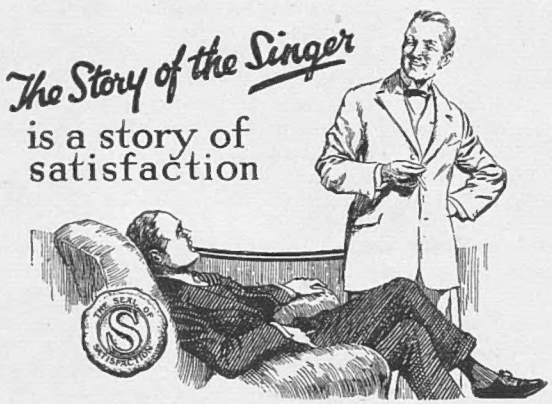
This original letter may be seen at the offices of the Company.

H.P.



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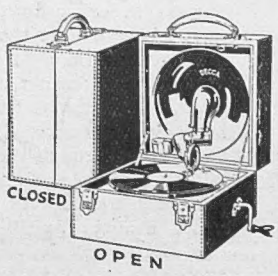

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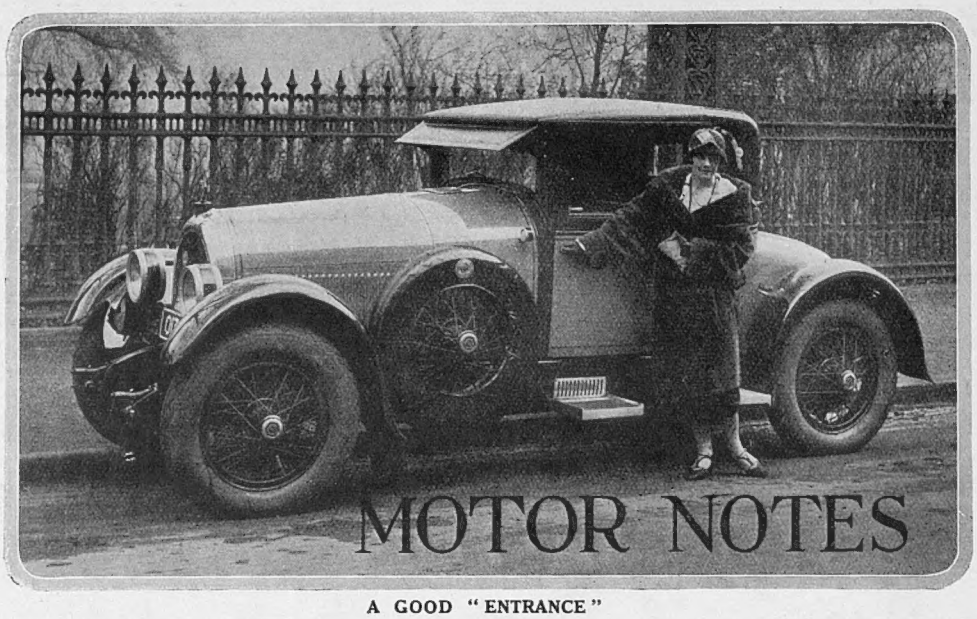


MOTOR NOTES

A GOOD "ENTRANCE"

Miss Beppy de Vries, the Dutch musical comedy star, taking her entrance, "assisted" by a very handsome Kissel car, of the "enclosed speedster" type

HITHERTO I have been rather inclined to complain about the dullness of the new roads that are being built. They are at present in all their raw newness with very few houses at their borders, and driving on such roads as these encourages one to travel as fast as possible in order to get somewhere interesting as quickly as one may. On the average touring-car this is inclined to be particularly uninteresting, as speeds even of forty miles an hour appear absurdly slow. I now wish to modify my opinion, the reason being that I had had placed at my disposal a light car of surprising speed which incorporated many of the experimental devices which the makers were testing.

* *
*

WHEN I mention that the revolution indicator sometimes showed more than 4,000 r.p.m., it will be seen that this car was particularly speedy. To revert to the new roads, I had entirely to revise my opinion as regards their dullness when really pushing this car along. It is well known that the widths, the bends, and the gradients have been very carefully calculated in order that they shall be safe at practically any speed. But when I really let this fire-eater out I found that even the gentlest of bends needed careful negotiation. The car could exceed 80 m.p.h., it weighed less than a ton, and it had exceptionally good springing. Nevertheless, my experiences brought back to me the days which I have spent in France with a really fast car, and I regained the old joy of calculating my corners in order that they might be taken at the limit of speed possible. Next to flying, driving a car of this type is the very best tonic I have ever encountered. The swift rush through the keen winter atmosphere and the necessity for instant judgment at short intervals, forms one of the best bracings for the nerves that can be secured.

WE will now turn from speed to headlamps. I have recently carried out a trial of a special lamp which is designed to give the maximum illumination with the minimum of dazzle, a Utopia towards which many inventors are toiling. The lamp in question is known as the "Moonbeam," and a very apt description, too. It gives a powerful beam which never reaches a height of much more than 3 ft. 6 in. above the ground, and at the same time gives adequate illumination of the sides of the roads. On approaching a pedestrian you only see him from the waist downwards in the bright light, while the rest of him is outlined by the soft glow which comes from the upper part of the lens. The diffusion of the light at first sight suggests that the illumination is scarcely adequate, but after a certain amount of experience the driver, when accustomed to the type of illumination, can pick out objects nearly as easily and quickly as with the normal type of dazzle headlamp. This lamp, which deserves to be better known, is manufactured by the Pyrene Company, Limited, who need no introduction as the manufacturers of one of the best portable fire extinguishers.

* *
*

THERE is probably no car about which more humorous stories are told than our friend the Ford. Whether this be subtle advertisement or not, the name is known to everyone, car purchaser or not. We all know the various pet names applied to the products of Mr. Henry Ford, but I am sure that an inspection of the latest British model would prove that most of these are now misplaced. Gone is the high pitched appearance, gone are the spidery wheels, and gone is the funereal black of the coachwork. I was particularly impressed by these facts when I went for a joy ride in one of the latest four-door four-seater saloons. It had a coachbuilt body, painted a most tasteful shade of blue; it had a considerably lower chassis; and, greatest blessing of all, it had low-pressure Dunlop tyres. The change from the old "Lizzie" was amazing, although the mechanical features are identically the same as on the first cars made. It is the same engine, the same gearbox, and the same back axle. The same system of control is fitted, and the same type of steering, although the latter now has a lower gear. The car still retains the excellent Ford attribute of being practically a one-gear car, but it now has a refinement of running and extreme comfort of travel which would not previously have been associated with this make.

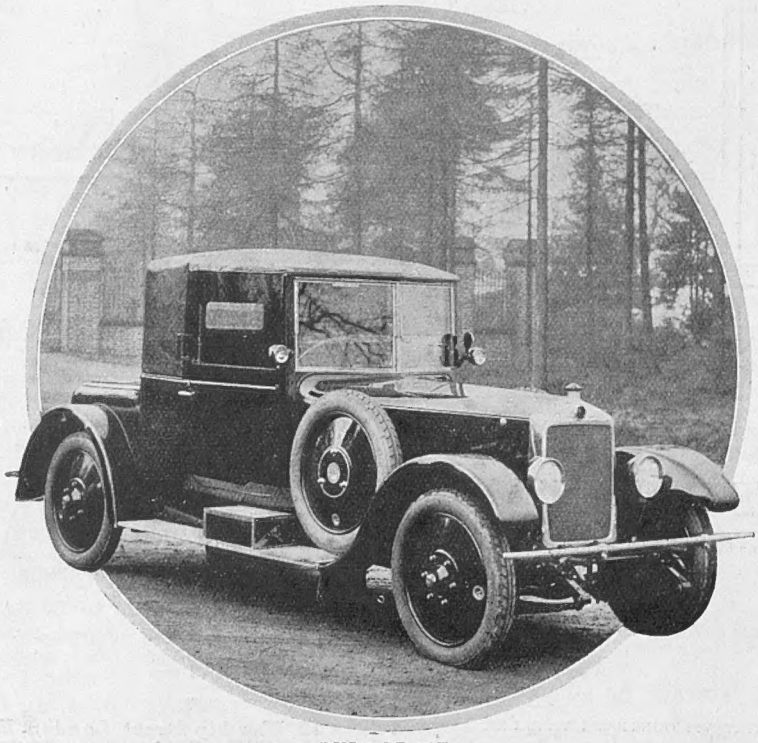
* *
*

THE balloon tyres absorb the road inequalities in a most surprising way, and the new Ford car is much steadier on corners. I have mentioned that the car had a solidly built saloon body to carry four full-grown persons in perfect ease and comfort. It can be supplied in any one of three colours, namely, grey, blue or maroon; it has electric lighting and starting; it has six windows which can be raised or lowered; it has a rear view mirror, and a sun shield for the front screen, and the total cost of this 20 h.p. totally enclosed car, made practically throughout by British labour, of British materials, is £215!

* *
*

IT is one thing to buy a motor-car, and quite another to keep it running satisfactorily. I therefore welcome the Morris Oiling Chart, which has just been produced by the Vacuum Oil Company. It indicates in the clearest possible manner the exact points requiring lubrication on a Morris, the intervals at which they should be lubricated, and the exact grade of lubricant which should be employed. The card measures 20 in. by 12 ins. and is varnished as a protection against the weather and the possibility of defacement. Those Morris owners who have not one in their possession should certainly apply to the Vacuum Oil Co., Ltd., Caxton House, Westminster, London, S.W. 1, for a free copy.

GEORGE C. STEAD.



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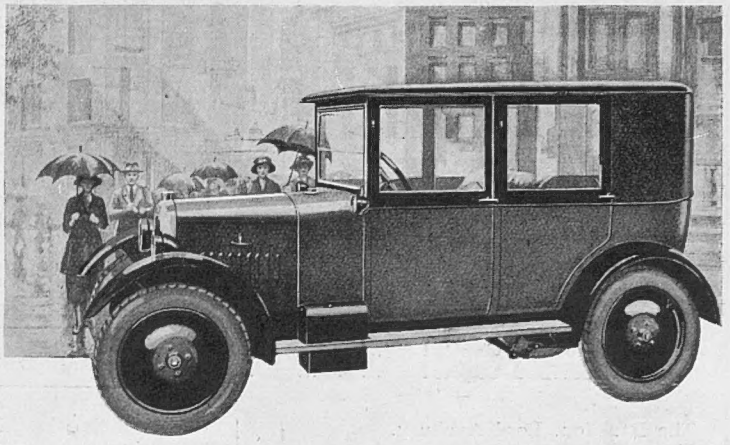

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